

THE CRITIC:

Weekly Journal of Literature, Art, Science, and the Drama.

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Committee.

The Rt. Hon. Earl Stanhope, President of the Royal Society of Antiquaries.
The Rt. Hon. Viscount HILL, Lord Lieut. of Shropshire.
The Rt. Hon. Lord Londesborough.
The Rt. Hon. Lord Braybrooke.
The Rt. Hon. Lord Talbot de Malahide.
The Rt. Hon. Lord Lindsay.
The Rt. Hon. Lord Newport, M.P.
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The discovery at Wroxeter, near Shrewsbury, of the buried ruins of the Roman city of Uriconium, one of the largest of the Roman towns in this island, and the excavations which have already been made in them, have excited very great interest throughout the country. Discoveries have already been made which lead us to hope that the continued prosecution of this undertaking will throw much light on the condition and history of this island during one of the most obscure periods of our annals. The remains of public and private buildings have been uncovered, and a great diversity of objects already found, which are deposited in the Museum of the Shropshire and North Wales Natural History and Antiquarian Society, at Shrewsbury, where they will be arranged and made accessible to the public. These excavations have been carried on by the zeal and activity of a few individuals, and have been supported hitherto chiefly by local subscription; but the time has now arrived when, as the historical interest of the excavations can no longer be doubtful, it becomes necessary to seek the means of carrying them on upon a more extensive scale, by making an appeal to the public; and with this view the above noblemen and gentlemen have formed themselves into a committee, and they invite all those who take an interest in the history and antiquities of their country to give their assistance in promoting an undertaking of so much national importance.

Contributions may be sent to the bankers of the Committee, as above, for the Wroxeter Excavations Fund; to the Treasurer, No. 14, Sydney-street, Brompton, S.W.; or to the Honorary Secretary, No. 17, Bucklersbury, City, E.C.

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THE CRITIC.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE BEST AND MOST COMPENDIOUS ACCOUNT of the British Museum that we have anywhere yet seen is that just published in Knight's "English Cyclopædia," Part VI. of the division "Arts and Sciences." The "English Cyclopædia," as most of our readers are aware, is a new, enlarged, and corrected edition of the "Penny Cyclopædia," for which the article "British Museum" was written by Sir HENRY ELLIS, so far back as the year 1836. It occupied not quite six pages, whereas the new article, which is evidently by a different hand, contains nearly eighteen pages of closely-printed text—a fact clearly showing the relative interest attached to the subject in the interval between the two publications. In the new article, which contains but little of that contributed by Sir HENRY ELLIS, an excellent historical account is given of the foundation and gradual extension of the Museum down to the present, many facts of interest being mentioned that are not generally known. With respect to the site, for instance, we are informed that it was debated whether it should be at the Manor House, Chelsea, or Buckingham House and grounds, or Montague House and grounds, where it at present stands. But Buckingham House could not be had for less than 30,000*l.*, whereas Montague House was in the market for only 10,000*l.*, and the difference in the price determined the Government in favour of the latter, which the writer thinks a most fortunate circumstance. For, says he, "the new buildings in its immediate neighbourhood, forming the pleasant district called 'The Squares,' are of the tranquil and respectable character best suited to the contiguity of a Museum. The destruction of the old dens of St. Giles's, and the formation of New Oxford-street on their site, have placed it in the enviable position of standing in a quiet street, yet in the immediate neighbourhood of one of the most brilliant and crowded thoroughfares in London; and if the proposed continuation of Tottenham-court-road to Trafalgar-square be ever effected, it will be within a few minutes' walk of the point where two great thoroughfares, from east to west, and from north to south, will intersect each other." While only partly agreeing with this, let us remark *en passant* what a change there might have been in the aspect of London had the Museum been placed where Buckingham Palace now stands, and *vice versa*, were the latter ever possible. Passing from the history of the Museum, the writer describes its several departments, their various most important acquisitions and present contents; also its government by trustees and internal management. He mentions by name all the officers and assistant officers in the several departments from the opening of the Museum to the public on the 15th of January 1759 to the present time. Speaking of the office of Principal Librarian, he says: "It is remarkable that from the first establishment that office has been alternately held by an Englishman and a foreigner. The list is as follows: 1. GOWIN KNIGHT, M.D., 1759-1772; 2. MATTHEW MATY, M.D., a Dutchman, 1772-1776; 3. CHARLES MORTON, M.D., 1776-1799; 4. JOSEPH PLANTA, a Swiss, 1799-1827; 5. Sir Henry Ellis, 1827-1856; 6. ANTONIO PANIZZI, an Italian, the present Principal Librarian." The writer, while he specifies what each of these has done as a contributor to literature or science, apart from his official duties, is equally just to the officers and assistants in the several departments, most of whom appear, from their attainments and contributions to sound learning, to be persons deserving far higher consideration than they at present receive from their masters, the Trustees. In describing the several departments the writer devotes a much larger space to the library than to any other, which perhaps is but reasonable, considering that that department has more than doubled itself during the last twenty years, which can scarcely be said of any other. "The library," says Mr. JONES, the present keeper of the printed books, "has been twice counted; the first time on the 25th of July, 1838, when the number of printed volumes was found to be 235,000; and again on the 15th of December, 1849, at which period they had increased to 435,000. They are now about 550,000, and the annual increase is not less than 20,000 volumes." With respect to the general character of the library, its numerous successive acquisitions, and how they were obtained, its management, catalogues, &c., &c., the account given is both ample and highly satisfactory. Similarly, too, of the new reading room, the conception of which has been assigned by Mr. HOSKING, the architect, to Mr. EDWARD HAWKINS in 1842. "But," says the present writer, "the idea will be found in a series of letters on the Museum, which were published anonymously in the *Mechanics' Magazine* for 1836 and 1837, but have since been acknowledged by Mr. WATTS, now one of the officers of the Printed Book Department. 'The space thus unfortunately wasted,' says Mr. WATTS, speaking of the quadrangle, 'would have provided accommodation for the whole library. A reading room of ample dimensions might have stood in the centre, and been surrounded on all four sides by galleries for the books communicating with each other, and lighted from the top.' " But, whoever may have suggested the idea, the writer acknowledges that it is to the zeal and energy of Mr. PANIZZI the public are mainly indebted for that magnificent structure, the new reading room of the British Museum. This room is now so well known to most of our readers, that we shall only quote the concluding sentences of the writer's description of it. "Directly in the centre is the table of the chief superintendent . . . from which, and still more from the

galleries, an interesting view is commanded of all the tables and their occupants, often between two and three hundred in number, and comprising among them some of the best-known names in the world of literature and learning—names that are familiar now to all the readers of Europe and America, and will be familiar in all probability centuries hence, from the very labours in which they are aided by the Museum reading room. From the nature of the library around them, not only such men as CARLYLE and THACKERAY, KOSSUTH and MONTALEMBERT, but the humblest labourer in the literary vineyard from the most distant corner of the world, may be certain that on the walls around there exists some record of his labours, or the copy of some lines traced by his hand. The name of Mr. PANIZZI will be inseparably connected with this, the most magnificent temple ever erected to literature, which without his powerful influence would probably never have existed."

Photography has scarcely achieved any greater triumph than in the publication of the works of PAUL DELAROCHE, the entire series of which is now before the public, embracing as many as eighty-six different subjects, issued successively in twenty-two livraisons. The title of the work is "Œuvre de Paul Delaroche reproduit en photographie par Bingham, accompagné d'une notice sur la vie et les ouvrages de Paul Delaroche par Henri Delaborde, et du Catalogue Raisonné de l'œuvre par Jules Goddard. Paris: publié par Goupil et Cie." The rare merits of DELAROCHE, his fine poetical conception, and his delicate but at the same time masterly execution, are here all admirably rendered. Of the eighty-six subjects several are English, as the "Death of Elizabeth," "Cromwell and Charles I.," "Lady Jane Grey," "Strafford," "Charles I. insulted by the Soldiers of Cromwell," "The Young Princes in the Tower," &c. Others are from French history, and some are from sacred subjects; but he did not devote himself to this branch of art so much as his contemporary, ARY SCHEFFER. What he has done in this line is nevertheless perhaps superior to anything produced by contemporaneous artists—as witness his "Mater Dolorosa," the "Return from Golgotha," and the "Entombment." Nor was he less great as a portrait painter, to his excellency in which branch of art his portraits of M. DE RÉMUSAT, of M. THIERS, and especially of Prince ADAM CZARTORYSKI, bear abundant evidence. The notice of DELAROCHE's life prefixed to this work is drawn up with much care and discrimination, at the same time that it shows a fond affection for the great master, who, although he has left much behind him, died, alas! too soon, November 4, 1856, having been born in 1797. It would not be right to notice this beautiful work without mentioning that it is published at the exceedingly low price of 25*fr.* for each *livraison* of four photographs; the whole amounting to some twenty guineas sterling.

Among the recipients of the small bounty which this great nation permits its rulers to bestow upon the deserving in literature, art, and science is the name of EDWIN ATHERSTONE, the author of "The Fall of Nineveh" and other poems high in aim and excellent in composition. But the grant is only for a pension of 75*l.*, while men far inferior in fame and in desert are much more generously treated. As the bounty of the nation could not be more fitly bestowed than on those who write rather for the future than for the present, we trust that Lord PALMERSTON may be induced to make an addition to the pittance granted to an author who needs as much as he deserves it.

"A London Antiquary" writes to correct a statement in our last to the effect that he had received offers of assistance in preparing the second edition of his "Dictionary of Slang" from Lord STRANGFORD, Mr. MONCKTON MILNES, and others. He says: "I am reluctantly compelled to give a partial contradiction. I am, it is true, preparing a second edition of my work, but I have not the honour of an acquaintance with the gentlemen you mention as interested in the reissue, and I have certainly never received offers of assistance from them." We are sorry that we should have been unconsciously betrayed into publishing what is not true; but our paragraph was based upon information received from a quarter on which we relied. Some mistake has, however, evidently been made, and we are glad to be able to set the matter right.

THE SALE OF M. LIBRI'S PRINTED BOOKS.

WE HAVE NOW FIVE DAYS' continuation of this sale to report up to Wednesday night. The product of Friday, the 5th inst., was 521*l.* 6*s.*, and the leading lots sold were:—

810. Decor Puellarum. Venet. 1471 (61?). A beautiful copy, bound in red morocco by Bauzonnet-Trautz. 22*l.* (Techner).
830. Dictys Cretensis de Bello Troiano. Grolier's copy, with his autograph. Basilie. 1529. 13*l.* (Techner).
892. Dureri (Alberti) Epitome in Diva Parthenices Mariæ Historiam. Splendid impressions of Albert Durer's engravings. Fol. 39*l.* (Potter). A fine copy of this is already in the British Museum.
906. Epiphanius D. Episcopi Constantiæ Cypri contra octoginta Hæreses opus et alia Opuscula, Græce (cura J. Oporini.) Fol. Basilie. 1544. This copy was formerly in the library of Diana of Poitiers, and bears her cypher and other insignia. Bound for her in old citron morocco. 80*l.* (Techner).
924. Eschenbach (Wolfram von), Tyturrell. Fol. 1477. A very rare metrical romance belonging to the fable of the St. Greal and King Arthur. 13*l.* 5*s.* (Quaritch).

* Owing to the number of lots fetching good prices, we have not named any at less than 10*l.*

We hope that this last lot was bought for the Poet-Laureate. This metrical romance contains about 4800 lines, printed as prose, without any division, except having a blank line left at the end of each stanza of seven lines, and a full stop at the end of each line. The seventeenth chapter narrates the visit of the mighty KING OF MOROCCO to ARTHUR; and in the nineteenth we are told how three hundred of the noblest ladies and maidens were carried off by magic from the court of ARTHUR. Here surely is material for more than one new Idyll!

948. A MS. of the four Evangelists, beautifully written on paper, with ornaments in gold and colours, and bound in a rich cinque-cento binding of gilt silver. 19l. (Quaritch.)
968. Fenelon. A rare edition of the "Avantures de Telemaque." Edit. of 1699, four vols., in old French olive morocco. 10l. 10s. (Boone.)
974. Ferando. Epistola cento. Brescia, circa 1473. 13l. 5s. (Boone.)

On Saturday the best lots were:

1005. Floridi Sabini. In Plauti aliorumque Latine Lingue Scriptorum Calumnias Apologia. Folio, Basilie, 1540. A fine specimen of Grolier's binding in old olive morocco. 28l. (Thompson.)
1064. Funduli (Hieronymi) Lucia Comedia. An autograph unpublished MS. of a comedy written in imitation of Plautus. Cremona, 1564. Magnificently bound in red morocco and tooled in Grolier style. 14l. (Techner.)
1066. Galeni Extra Ordinem Classium Libri. Fol. Venet. 1541. A beautiful specimen of the Italian binding of the XVI. century. 43l. (Techner.)
1105. Giambullari (Pier Francesco), Apparato et Feste nelle Nozze dello Duca di Firenze et della Duchessa sua Consorte. Printed on vellum. 10l. (Perkins.)
1122. Gioseffo, Li X ultimi Libri de li Antichita Gindaiche. Vinegia, 1544. Rich Italian binding of the XVI. century. 11l. (T.)
1123. Giovanni Fiorentino (Ser), Il Pecorone. First edition, extremely rare, fine copy, in citron morocco, by F. Bedford, Milano. 1558. 11l. (Molini.)
1138. Gobin (Robert), Les Loups Ravissans. Black letter. Paris: Verard, circa 1500. 28l. (Thompson.)
1144. Goltzii (Huberti) Opera. 7 vols. folio, bound in old French morocco. 11l. 10s. (Techner.)
1152. Gracie dit Ferrande (Pierre), Le grante routier et pilotage, &c. Black letter. Rouen, 1525. 16l. (Techner.)
1168. Gringoire (Pierre), Heures de nostre dame, translatees de latin en françois, &c. Black letter. Bound in green morocco by Bauzonnet. Paris: Jehan Petit. s. d. 10l. (Potier.)
1185. Guerin Mesquin. Black letter, small folio. Red morocco. 26l. (Stewart.)
1197. Guillelmus de Saliceto de Salute corporis. Semi-gothic letter. 20l. (Tross.)

On Monday, the seventh day of sale, the total amount was 850l. 19s. The more remarkable lots were:

1214. Heliodori Ethiopice Historie Libri X. Fol. Basilie, 1552.

This splendid volume, perhaps the finest specimen of the true Grolier binding ever offered for sale (the cover being one mass of ornamental tooling, scrolled and gilt in compartments, and every vacant space filled with golden dots), excited great competition, and was knocked down to the French agent, M. TECHNER, for 110l.

1225. Herberstein Neipberg et Guetnag, Comentari della Muscovia. 4to. Venet. 1550. A superb specimen of Italian binding of the middle of the XVI. century, in olive morocco. 20l. 10s. (Techner.)
1237. Heures a l'usage de Rome. 1515-30. Beautifully printed on vellum in black letter, with capitals illuminated in gold and coloured. A magnificent specimen of contemporary French binding. 39l. (Villeneuve.)
1238. Heures nouvellement imprimees a l'usage de Meaulx. 1521-30. Black letter. Grolier binding. 20l. (Boone.)
1240. Heures de nostre Dame a l'usage de Rome. Black letter. 1566. A beautiful specimen of contemporary binding. 16l. (Boone.)
1250. Hingston (John), Cornet Booke. Bassus I. &c. Bassus II. 2 vols. MS. music in the autograph of the composer, and once in the library of Oliver Cromwell. circa 1656. Bound in old black morocco, with clasps. 13l. 10s. (Boone.)
1265. Homeri Ilias. A large paper edition, with the autograph of Boyssieu de Saluaign. Paris, 1554. In superb French binding of the XVI. century, in blue morocco, and with the insignia of Diane de Poitiers, to whom the volume once belonged. 37l. (Techner.)
1268. Homere. Les Iliades de Homere. Translatees par Maistre Jehan Sauxon. The first French translation of Homer; very scarce and bound by Nidree. Paris: pour Jehan Petit, 1530. 16l. (Thomson.)
1278. Hora in Laudem Beatiss. Virginis. A fine copy of a rare Aldus. 1505. 17l. (T.)
1281. Hora Beatæ Mariæ. On vellum, in semi-Gothic letter. Paris: par Germanum Hardouyn, 1528. 10l. 10s. (Potier.)
1287. Horatius cum D. Heinsii Notis. A fine tall copy of an Elzevir, in red morocco. From the library of the Cardinal de Richelieu. 10l. (Potier.)
1295. Hrosvita. Opera Hrosvite illustris Virginis. (Attributed to Albert Durer). Very rare. Fol. Nuremberg, 1501. 10l. (Quaritch.)
1298. Hygini Fabule et Poeticon Astronomicon. Fol. Basilie, 1535. A magnificent specimen of the library of the celebrated collector, by some called Mecenat, Physician to the Pope. Old Venetian morocco. 73l. (Thompson.)
1308. Inquisition. Sacro Arsenal e overo Pratica dell' Officio della Santa Inquisitione. 4to. Genova et Perugia, 1653. Clement XI's copy, in gilt red morocco, with the Pope's arms on the sides. In this celebrated work, of which nearly all the copies were destroyed by command of the Holy Office itself, the horrible tortures inflicted by the Inquisition upon its victims are minutely described. This copy was bought by Mr. Monckton Milnes for 10l.
1326. Johannis Ferrariensis, Ordinis Minorum, Liber de Celesti Vita. Printed on vellum, illuminated. Venet. 1494. 19l. (Techner.)
1327. Jones (John). The Arts and Science of preserving Bodie and Soule in Health, Wisdom, and Catholike Religion. Black letter. London, 1573. The dedication copy to Queen Elizabeth, and an exquisite specimen of English binding of the period, the sides and back being a perfect blaze of gold. 18l. 10s. (Boone.)
1331. Jovii (Pauli) de Romanis Piscibus Libellus. 8vo. Basil. 1531. Grolier's copy, in beautiful ornamental binding. 34l. (Techner.)
1344. Kalendarium duo (Latine et Germanice). Black letter. 4to. 1476. A curious volume on judicial astrology. 11l. (T.)

1350. Kempis (Thomas a) de l'imitation de Jesus Christ. Traduction par l'Abbé de Choisy. Madame de Maintenon's own copy, with the golden cross and fleur-de-lys, surmounted with a crown. Paris, 1692. 13l. 5s. (Toovey.)

The sale on Tuesday (the ninth day) amounted to 697l. 16s. 6d. The best lots were:

1439. Livii (Titii) Historiarum Romanorum Decades. First edition, with a date, extremely rare, very large copy, with rough leaves. Fol. Venet. 1470. 20l. 10s. (Thompson.)
1448. Logulbba (R. Joannis de) Index Libri Vitæ cui Titulus est Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judeorum. Bound in red morocco by Bauzonnet-Trautz. 13l. 10s. (Boone.)
1478. Ludolbus Parochialis Ecclesiæ in Suchen Rector de Terra Sancta. Very rare, richly bound. Printed at Strasburg circa 1470. 11l. (Leslie.)
1483. Machabees. French edition, in black letter, of Judas Macchabeus. Paris, 1514. 12l. (Techner.)

Lot No. 1490, the gem of this day's sale, and indeed one of the gems of the whole collection, consisted of a copy of MACHIAVELLI'S treatise on the art of war. (Aldus, 1540.) This beautiful copy, the initial letters of which were printed in gold, once formed part of the magnificent library of GROLIER, in whose best style it was bound. It is well known to those who are curious in such matters, that there were four volumes of the works of MACHIAVELLI published by ALDUS, and that GROLIER had each of the four bound in a different pattern. One of these is in the British Museum, another is in the Imperial Library of Paris, a third is in a private collection at Lyons, and the fourth is the volume then offered for sale. The competition for this prize was naturally very great; but eventually it lay between Mr. BOONE (for the British Museum) and M. TECHNER, the French agent, and eventually it was knocked down to the latter for 150l.; whether the purchase was made for the Imperial Library of Paris or for the Duc d'AUMALE did not transpire, but an impression prevailed that it was for one or the other.

1527. Mandeville (J. de) Itinerarius a Terra Angliæ in Partes Ierosolimitanas et in Ulteriores Transmarinas. With interesting geographical notes in the margin. 10l. 15s. (Quaritch.)
1533. Manili Astronomicon cum Commentario et Castigationibus Josephi Scaligeri. Large paper; the dedication copy to Henry III. Lutet. 1579. 13l. 13s. (Boone.)
1540. Manutii (P.) Epistolarum Libri XI. uno nuper addito. Venet. 1573. Large paper; excessively rare. 11l. (Toovey.)
1565. Marguerites de la Marguerite des Princesses tres illustre Roynne de Navarre (publiees par Symon Sylvius). 8vo. Lyons. 1547. 10l. 5s. (Bumstead.)
1567. Maria Dei Genitricis castissimæ, inviolatæ. Small 4to. circa 1470. A reprint of an excessively rare Xylographic book on the Immaculate Conception. 13l. 5s. (Boone.)
1568. Maria. Corona della Vergine Maria sive sete Alegrezze. Beautiful copy of a very rare work. 1500. 13l. (Boone.)
1577. Martialis. A large paper copy of the Aldine edition of 1517, in an ornamented Italian binding of the XV. century. 26l. 10s. (Boone.)
1584. Matthæi de Cracovia, Tractatus rationis et consciencie, etc. J. Gutenberg. circa 1460. (10l.)

Wednesday's sale amounted altogether to 806l. 14s. 6d.:

1611. Merlino, Historia di. First edition of this rare prose romance. Venet. 1480. 25l. 15l. (Quaritch.)
1628. Mignerak (Milour Matthias). An extremely rare book on needlework, dedicated to the Queen of France and Navarre by Jean Le Clerc, "Marchand Tailleur d'Histoires." Paris, 1605. 17l. (Techner.)
1638. Missale Romanum. Fol. Venet. 1505. A magnificent specimen of Italian binding with Grolier's tooling. 91l. (Boone.)
1652. Missale secundum usum insignis Ecclesiæ Trajectensis cum Calendario. Printed on vellum in a large semi-Gothic letter. 39l. (Boone.)
1657. Mistere (Le) de la cœception: natiuite: mariage: et annœciation de la benoiste vierge Marie. Black letter. Bound in red morocco, by Padeloup. 32l. (Boone.)

A large collection of music was sold during the day, but the only lot of much importance was

1762. Motetti Libro Primo e Libro Quarto. By Asulanus, a partner of Aldus, 1521. This collection is very rare, and was knocked down to Mr. Boone for 16l.

The remaining lots were:

1733. Mystere des Actes des Apotres, translate fidelement a la verite Historiale, escripte par saint Luc a Theophile. Black letter. Fol. Paris. 1537. 21l. (Stewart.)
1803. Nauseæ (Frederici) Libri Mirabilium Septem. 4to. Coloniae. 1552. A beautiful specimen of Maioli's Library, in olive morocco, Grolier style. 91l. (Villeneuve.)
1822. Normandy. Coustumier du Pays de Normandie. On vellum. Fol. s.d. Rouen. 1483. Red morocco; believed to be the first work printed at Rouen. 50l. (Thompson.)
1823. Normandy. Coustumier. Black letter. Fol. 1483. Bound by Padeloup. 15l. (Boone.)
1824. Normandy. Coustumes du Pais du Normandie. On vellum. Rouen. 1588. Probably the official copy forwarded to Queen Elizabeth, it being similar in binding to books known to have been in her library. 28l. (Boone.)
1834. Novelle. Le ciento Novelle Antike. Very rare. 13l. (T.)
1840. Der Stat Nürnberg verneute Reformation 1564. Black letter. 1566. A superb specimen of contemporary German binding. 21l. 10s. (Boone.)
1842. Dyocesis Ratisponensis. On vellum. 1491. 11l. (T.)

The total amount realised by the nine days' sale is 5629l. 3s. 6d. Four days' sale have yet to be recorded, and it is now estimated that the collection will be sold for considerably more than the 7000l. originally anticipated; the bids having kept up well throughout, and the interest never having flagged.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

Friends in Council. A new series. 2 vols. London: John W. Parker and Son.

MOST OF OUR READERS can probably number among the circle of their acquaintance some glib-tongued meddlesome person, male or female, who has a mania for giving advice. It is by no means necessary that this Mentor, whose heart (to use a vulgar phrase) is generally much better than his head, should himself have been very successful in life. Of course, if he have succeeded, so much the better, as people in general do not easily believe a prosperous man to be a fool. But even let him have muddled away his mind and money by following his own counsel in preference to that of sensible friends, let him have swamped his children's fortunes and sacrificed those of half a dozen credulous believers in him to his passion, still he need not despair of being the Solon of a select circle of admirers. Let him only talk on, steadily defying circumstances and common sense; let him eschew quips and jokes and cleave to an equable, pensive, but not ill-natured dulness; let him have plenty of sighs for the afflicted, but no smile for the mirthful; he will assuredly have his following, who will invest his grey hairs or his wig with a special halo, and wonder how one small head can carry all he knows.

Prosing in print and prosing in speech are, however, two very different things; the latter the more common, and less dangerous to the prosier. Still the verbal prosier can have but a very limited audience; while there are always commonplace people enough in the world to welcome anything in print which reproduces their own commonplace thoughts, and decks out platitudes in a melancholy half-mourning garb.

The author of "*Friends in Council*" is, we think, on the whole, a somewhat favourable specimen of the Tupperian school. We prefer the prose of the Cambridge M.A. to the poetry of him of Oxford. The former, at least, takes some pains with his work; while the rhymes of the other remind us too often of Horace's bard, who could spin a score of verses while standing upon one leg. We cannot deny that Mr. Helps is a painstaking, if not a very skilful workman in literature. Years ago this gentleman appeared near the end of the list of Cambridge Wranglers, a place generally considered sacred to industrious mediocrity. We are very far from wishing to lay it down as a rule that a man's university degree should generally, or even often, be considered a fair test of his talents. "Wooden spoons" have ere this become judges learned in the law, and Senior Wranglers furnished briefless barristers and humdrum curates. But, in our opinion, the after literary career of the author of "*Friends in Council*" vindicates the exact justice of the place assigned to him in the mathematical list by the Cambridge examiners, which, as we said before, testifies to plodding industry, if to nothing better. Since then our Wrangler has published a series of dull but painstaking essays, followed by a painstaking but dull history and tragedy, and terminating in the present series of essays, which can only be characterised by the same two epithets which we have applied to his preceding efforts. The veneer of the author's handywork, always good, has perhaps improved in the "new series;" but the grain is the same as ever, and its inferiority is transparent, though the surface be admirably polished. In a word, to quote one of the author's favourite Spanish proverbs, we have here "plenty of paper and ink and little justice."

Nearly all love affairs are proverbially tedious save to the two persons immediately concerned; but the quartet of lovers in this book are about the most tiresome specimens of the genus *homo* that we have ever seen, read, or heard of. Two elderly gentlemen who—if their thoughts and language are any index to their outward appearance—must be in the habit of taking snuff and wearing spectacles, are introduced as making love, in a cautiously prosy but philosophical manner, to two very young ladies, who repay their elderly swains in their own coin, and who evidently take a much greater interest in bank bullion and the poor laws than in *moiré antique* and bonnets of the latest fashion. Why these young ladies were introduced into the pages of these volumes, of what use they are when in them, and how they get out of them, we do not know. However, two more uninteresting specimens of philosophers in petticoats we have never before met with.

It is scarcely necessary for the author of "*Friends in Council*" to assure his readers that, though he is so ready to give advice to everybody, he does not consider himself to be wiser than his neighbours. That he is not wiser than the great majority of them we scarcely require this modest disclaimer to assure us. Yet, why, if he do not consider himself to be endowed with greater wisdom, has he published these dull and didactic 600 pages; for surely the heavy pedantic disputants of these volumes are not very amusing personages? Instructive, in a way, the book certainly is, as probably at least fifty pages of it are filled with quotations from standard authors, whose beauties are dimmed but not extinguished by the prosy comments of Messrs. Dunsford, Milverton, and Co. If these latter be judiciously skipped, the book will in a somewhat humble way serve the purpose of a new Enfield's Speaker. Its pages are also instructive in another but more

offensive way. Mr. Dunsford, Mr. Milverton, Mr. Ellesmere, &c., give us from time to time a good many remarks which they have doubtless met with in the course of their reading; but they give them as their own, and in the giving manage generally to spoil them. Why should Mr. Ellesmere ignore and mar Talleyrand's pointed saying that "fathers of families are capable of anything?" This pithy remark served up by the member of the Friends in Council becomes "All fathers of families are very malleable, if not absolutely unprincipled. Milverton would rob a church, or at least a chapel, in order to get Walter up a step in some profession." Surely Mr. Ellesmere must have read or heard of the French abbé's remark, and why should he spoil it in serving it up to the Friends in Council? Why, again, does the same plagiaristic old gentleman ignore Sidney Smith's forcible sentences? "Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men who have only remained in obscurity, because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort; and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, to do anything in the world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can." Is this improved by being metamorphosed into "Numbers of clever men, who could do anything, never make up their minds distinctly as to what they want or what they intend to be?" We certainly prefer Sydney Smith on this as on every other occasion to Mr. Ellesmere. Is Mr. Milverton's information at all original when he informs us that "the Spanish language is rich in proverbs—far richer than that of any other nation." Dean Trench, if no more recondite authority were required, might have turned the suspicions of our Friend in Council into certainties. Is Mr. Ellesmere's new definition of a proverb at all equal to that of Lord John Russell? The Friend in Council defines a proverb to be "the cream of a nation's thought;" the Foreign Secretary much more tersely and epigrammatically as "One man's wit, and all the world's wisdom." Mr. Ellesmere (who, we suppose, has been reading Rogers's lately published "*Recollections*") is good enough to ascribe to Talleyrand the next *bon mot* which he quotes from him, in Vol. II. p. 74. That same person (we mean Ellesmere, not the French diplomatist) assures us that "One gets tired of thinking, as one does of everything else, as one gets older." This remark, which, by the way, has been made before, may be true, though we hope it is not. We would much rather hold with Lord Brougham, who says, in his "*Natural Theology*," that as a man's body begins to decay at the age of thirty, so his mind improves in every way (if properly treated) until fifty. Mr. Ellesmere, despite his love-making, is such a crabbed, cautious old fogey, that we are by no means sure that he has not long passed the age of fifty, and so is getting feeble in mind as well as in body. Mr. Milverton's eminent man of letters who had the manuscript of the second volume of his great work accidentally burned may, perhaps, be reminded of the episode of Sir Isaac Newton and his dog Daisy, when the animal destroyed the labours not of months but of years. The mathematician seems to have endured his misfortune with at least as great equanimity as "the eminent man of letters." Mr. Milverton, again, gives it as an original remark that every other person you meet with in England seems to be in second or third hand clothes." This saying, which is not very true, is not even novel, as Count Montalembert made it before our quartet of prosers laid their dull heads together.

The author, in his address to the reader, doubts whether the "*Friends in Council*" will ever reach the eye of "the Autocrat of all the Russias." We doubt it too; though we condole with Mr. Helps on this account much more than with the Emperor of Russia.

It is vain, I fear, to hope that the words of any private man will ever reach the Autocrat of all the Russias. But if he could know how many persons in this country—persons whose good opinion no man would be above desiring—have watched his career since he came to the throne, and sympathised with him in his untiring efforts to abolish serfdom, he might perhaps feel a sorrow like their sorrow, if forced to divert his mind from such beneficent enterprises to the commonplace despotism of amusement of war.

To read a bulky, dull, sententious book through from beginning to end is no easy task; and we now feel considerable sympathy with the soldier who preferred the galleys to the obligation of reading through Guicciardini's history of the Italian republics.

The first chapter contains a long essay on "Worry," which is termed "the great characteristic of modern life."

The following are some of the miseries which ruffle the waking hours of our philosophers and make their nights hideous:

Law, repairs, taxation, partnership, executorship, trusteeship, bankruptcy, are some of the names which, if pronounced before the most innocent and even the most cautious of men, will often act like a spell upon them, bringing a slight shudder through their frames, and not a slight gloom over their countenances. If they are blessed with progeny, one has only to mention the words education and furtherance of children to tame them down a little in case their spirits should ever be too bounding. Perhaps, however, it is in minor matters that the power of worry is pre-eminently conspicuous. When we think of voting, testimonial giving, attendance at public dinners, attendance on committees, management of servants, buying and selling, and, last and greatest, correspondence by letter—a trouble which you mow down each day, and each day see a new crop

rising up for the scythe—we can form some slight notion of the power of the great goddess Worry. What contrivances there are in modern life for losing time and adding to worry! Consider the distances in a great capital that have to be traversed upon the most trivial occasions, the various social annoyances that have to be encountered—visits as tiresome to the person visiting as to the person visited—the duties and responsibilities of a witness, a jurymen, a creditor, a godfather, a trustee.

One might almost suspect our essayist of being a dyspeptic old bachelor who has adopted the creed, Let me eat, drink, sleep, and not be worried. And so he prosed on through forty pages, out of which we defy a reader to extract any amusement, consolation, or benefit whatever.

The next ninety pages or so are devoted to the consideration of "War." The conclusions that the author arrives at, that war is a bad thing and peace a good thing, are rather more sound than novel, and remind us of the irrefutable argument of the schoolboy's theme, that there is nothing more virtuous than virtue.

The essay on criticism is rather better than the two we have already mentioned, and perhaps the Ellesmerian deduction is passably true, that "criticism is very bad, but good enough in general for the works criticised."

The chapter on proverbs is meant to be humorous, but is simply dull.

Here is a passage from the essay "On the arts of Self-Advancement":

Avoid delicacy. A delicate, refined man, who cannot ask for his due, cannot put forward his just claims, cannot say that he wants anything, or cannot say it with sufficient persistence and frequency—cannot make himself visible and prominent at the right time, though he knows the right time—may be a beautiful product of creation, very loveable, very much to be admired; but he must be content with being this beautiful product, and not presume to think that he will ever make any advance upon his original condition in life. This earth is not for the refined. They cannot expect to get anything in the scuffle that is going on. You all remember the well-known story of Lord Thurlow; how, whenever a bishopric was vacant, he always said to the King, "Please your Majesty, I have a brother," until at last George III. (a man not without persistency himself) was tired of hearing this cuckoo exclamation from his Chancellor, and gave a bishopric to the brother. Again, in business it often happens that a man is too delicate to ask a question, which ought to be asked, which he knows ought to be asked, which he longs to ask; and his not asking this question is for ever a detriment to him—perhaps his ruin.

Mr. Thackeray put the matter more pithily when he advised the person in the crowd who wants to get on to tread on his neighbour's toes and dig his elbows into his ribs.

There are in these volumes a number of other essays, delivered in a somewhat *ex cathedra* tone, which are more remarkable for a not inelegant weakness than for any other quality that we can discern. Such productions as these are quite of a modern school; they have little freshness or vigour about them, but much polish; their learning is respectable and their pretension great; in fact, they compose a sort of emasculated *Spectator*, and show us very clearly that education and experience, if disjoined from imagination, invention, and geniality, will not enable their possessor to achieve any lasting literary reputation. The day will come when "Proverbial Philosophy" and "Friends in Council" will be alike forgotten; and the sooner it comes the better, in our opinion, it will be both for the fame of their authors and the taste of their readers. Of course we do not say there are not some plums scattered throughout the length and breadth of this literary confection; but they are not of a particularly appetising quality, and an investigating Jack Horner would not have to put in his thumb very often before he would find nothing but tasteless unleavened dough. The author of "Friends in Council" alludes several times in a tone of melancholy indignation to the intrusions to which he as a literary man is exposed. But who that has achieved eminence, from the Prime Minister to a popular vestryman, is free from intrusion in these pushing days? and can our author be surprised if some of his admirers who are not averse from self-advancement borrow a hint from his essay on that subject, and determine to "avoid delicacy?"

CHARLES KEAN, F.S.A.

The Life and Theatrical Times of Charles Kean, F.S.A., including a Summary of the English Stage for the last Fifty Years, and a detailed Account of the Management of the Princess's Theatre from 1850 to 1859. By JOHN WILLIAM COLE. 2 vols. London: Bentley. pp. 786.

THERE HAS SPRUNG UP within these few years a class of literature which is the result of the extreme energy manifested in our commercial transactions. Publicity is necessary to the success of many trades, and is often mistaken for celebrity and fame. The abuse of paper and printing is no more to be wondered at than the abuse of any other benefit, natural or artificial, but it is one to be guarded against; for, when the spurious is mistaken for the genuine, and the false for the real, there ensues much mischief to the taste and even to the interests of those who are thus beguiled. Formerly, insidious praise and indirect advertising were confined to a few deceptive paragraphs which, commencing with an account of the Arctic expedition, ended by informing us where the finest razor-strop was to be purchased. "Romanis, the hosier, Cheapside, thirty-three, his numerous friends would be glad for to see," as he informed us forty years ago by the poet whom he kept; Charles Wright vended his vile champagne by lyrics that were attributed to Tom Moore; and Messrs. Moses and Co. have long retained an author whose observant eye and mind leave no popular event unappropriated to the extending the

knowledge of the whereabouts of the great slop-sellers. Our neighbours the French, who do everything that is deceptive and paltry with much better taste than ourselves, have long applied the higher literature to advertising; and it is said that some of their greatest writers have not scrupled to take money for noticing the wares of various fashionable tradesmen. One instance we recollect, where, in the most exciting passage in the novel, the hero was described as bounding up the stairs of the house where his mistress dwelt with an elasticity that nothing but the braces of Messrs. So-and-so would have enabled him to display. And even in this example we may trace the effects of this class of literature; the heart of the lover in his bounding exultation, and his lithe muscles, are nothing to the elastic nature of the newly-invented braces. So it is with all this class of literature; truth, nature, and genuine emotion are all subject to the puff, which, like its pestiferous brother of the heath, is full of deleterious powder, that soils and poisons all it lights upon. This class of literature, we say, was for a long time confined to the paragraphs of venal newspapers; but now it has blossomed into books, and lurks insidiously in ponderous volumes. When we take up a treatise on wool, we find it is the advertising medium of a Jew clothier; "Travels in Assam" (a very elaborate volume) is only an enlarged prospectus of a tea company; a moral tale ends with an earnest recommendation of perambulators; and a treatise on consumption in suggesting some form of mesmeric application. We are thus deluded on all sides, and fear every novel we look into and every poem we read. Our morals, our politics, but, above all, our pockets, are thus continually beset, and we have learned to look with suspicion on every new book. They bloom like innocent flowers, but under their delicate leaves lurks the insidious puff or party lie.

Under these circumstances, it is, perhaps, unfortunate that the "Life and Theatrical Times of Charles Kean, F.S.A.," has been put into our hands. With our sensitive abhorrence and acute perception of the puff direct, indirect, constructive, and suggestive, we cannot fail to perceive that it must be ranked in the same class as the advocate of perambulators or razor-strops. It may be better written, or the aim may be more skillfully concealed, than by the hack authors of Messrs. Moses or Professor Holloway; it may be that the subject gives greater scope for disguising the real object; but nevertheless it is apparent in every page. It is quite certain that this "Life and Times" and detailed history of the management of Mr. Charles Kean would never have been written but for the purpose of exalting, that is, in plain English, puffing, the hero of the volumes. Mr. Kean is in the middle of life, in robust health, and has not done anything so exceedingly remarkable that he should not wait for that crisis after which biographies are usually written. It is a sound axiom, to pronounce on no man's fortune till he is dead, and there certainly is no reason why it should have been violated by the present work.

Theatrical persons, indeed, form a little world of their own, different from the big and real one. Whenever a great tragedian like Mr. Hicks appears, or a great conjuror like the Wizard of the North, forthwith the windows of all the public houses, barbers' shops, and even small booksellers', are filled with portraits, not meanly executed, but large coarse lithographs from exact photographs. If they happen to be very great persons indeed, like Mr. Gustavus Brooke, they appear in an immense cartoon, delineated in many characters and under many phases of emotion; the centre compartment showing the hero in his native dignity, in a solemn suit of black, with white kid gloves, and a new hat. No other set of persons are so perpetually portraited, which seems a curious freak of fashion, as they, of all classes of men, have most opportunity of displaying themselves in *propria persona* to the public. This extraordinary craving after notoriety can, therefore, only be set down to that "festering anxiety" for adulation, which Jerrold so cruelly charges upon the subject of these memoirs. To such a height is this carried, that every very great tragedian has his secretary, if not his acknowledged critic—a sort of intellectual pugilist, who is to do battle with every bold wight who ventures to hint a fault in his principal. Few have exhibited in this office the daring talent of Mr. Hingstone, the secretary and critic of the Great Wizard of the North; but, if Mr. Cole have not his tremendous power of language, his daring imagery, and his more than American eloquence, he may boast an equal devotion to his hero, as unflinching a determination to praise, a greater continuous power of boredom, and altogether a more scholarly style of puffery. Allowance, however, must be made for the different positions of the two biographers. Mr. Hingstone had to adopt a broad style that was suitable to the immense walls of the metropolis. Mr. Cole was to circulate his volumes through Mudie's gentler influence; he was to creep on to drawing-room tables and slide into libraries, and mingle with the genuine works that make up our literature. Considering, therefore, the opposite means placed at their disposal, we do not know that the recorder of the doings of Charles Kean is to be placed below the chronicler of the progresses of the Great Wizard of the North. Let the stage trumpet sound a flourish to both, and let us proceed to a brief examination of the contents of the work.

Mr. Cole begins with the beginning and gives a sort of running treatise upon the rise and progress of the English drama; and ends it with the conclusion that it has not declined—the torch that illumines it having been handed in regular gradation from Burbidge through Taylor, Betterton, Garrick, &c., to Charles Kean, who at present keeps fast hold of it. In this portion there is much dissertation on old actors, new styles, foolish editors, stupid reporters, and all those per-

sons who have differed from the author in their estimate of the Princess's tragedian. As a specimen of the large views of the author we may cite his announcement of the birth of his hero, wherein he recites that

The battles of Barossa, Albuera, and Fuentes D'Onore, took place in the same year. General Hill surprised Girard at Arroyo de Molinos; an action was fought between the British sloop *Little Belt* and the American frigate *President*, which led to the subsequent war; more than half a million sterling was subscribed in England to relieve the sufferers by the French invasion of Portugal; the Duke of York resumed the office he had so long ably filled of Commander-in-Chief; the Prince of Wales became Regent of the United Kingdom; and the fortunes of the French Empire appeared to reach their consummation by the birth of a son.

How these great events were connected with the birth of the little actor at Waterford does not appear; nor whether the national proceedings occurred from the birth of the infant, or the birth from the great events. Suffice it to say they were contemporaneous and coincident, if not causal and consequential. The birth having been got over, we lose sight of our little hero for many pages, and are treated with reminiscences of some old favourite actors, which if not new are always pleasant. It is our fate, however, not to agree with Mr. Cole in his tastes or in his estimates. Charles Young, he says, founded himself on Cook; and he does not consider Dowton to have been an unctuous actor, but, on the contrary, dry and harsh! Mr. Cole's judgment seems, however, to be strangely coerced sometimes. For instance, he tells us very properly that "if an actor is able to assume youth, age, love, hatred, revenge, jealousy, joyous mirth, gloomy despair, and all the passions inherent in the human composition—if he can so completely change his voice, alter his features, and, with the aid of dress, persuade an audience that he is the identical character—then, indeed, the perfection of his art is attained." This is perfectly true, and what we desiderate in a truly good actor; yet the biographer seems suddenly to recollect that his hero does not quite comply with these requisites, and excuses the deficiency under the plea that they often become too difficult for the most accomplished actor to portray.

Mr. Cole has a courteous, not to say condescending, tone towards all the rest of the performers who make up "the Times" of Mr. Charles Kean. John Kemble is forbearingly treated, although he contested the palm with the elder Kean. Macready had merit, and so has Mr. Phelps, as we learn by a foot-note. He does not confine his opinions merely to the actors of the time, but extends them to many other subjects; thus he discourses volubly on bibliomania, which, he says, is an insatiable appetite that grows with what it feeds on—though, if he had used another quotation, and said which *mocks* the food it feeds on, he would have been perhaps as correct. He too, like Verges, has had his losses; and certainly the loss of a fine library is one of the greatest that can be endured. We do not find either on this or any other subject any but well-known anecdotes and facts; nor is his denouncement of book collecting as "a sin that withers up Christian charity" to be taken as anything else but an instance of the author's extraordinary misconception of most matters he treats of. Nor do we think much of his piety or his taste when he circumscribes a library to a Bible and Prayer-book, a Pilgrim's Progress, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Byron, a History (Pincock's probably) of England, Greece, and Rome, Boswell's Johnson, and Napier's Peninsular War; which he thinks are quite as much as any man's brains can carry.

Thus does the author ramble and rumble on through the first volume, with a great deal about everything else, and a little, by the bye, about Charles Kean; but in the second volume we get into real business, and more than amends are made for a trifling neglect of the hero. Now glows the eulogy; every page flashes with a triumph; the lines labour and the language creaks with the adulation of the management of the Princess's Theatre. Forgotten glories live again; fleeting speeches are congealed into print and fixed there for the admiration of posterity. The frail playbills are conserved in these volumes; also transient criticisms, and a long-forgotten controversy between the mighty manager, all blandness and magnanimity, and Douglas Jerrold, the concentration of biting sarcasm and bitter truth. Whether it was good policy to revive and reprint the terse and clever criticisms of this cruel wit, and moreover to collect them in an appendix to the work, where they crop up a harvest of first-rate English writing, in woeful contrast to the loose, pedantic, slip-slop of the manager and his biographer, we will leave the reader to say.

In this medley of reprints we find the celebrated fly-leaf to the playbill of *Macbeth*, in which such erudition was displayed as might have kindled the envy of a Gibbon. Xiphilin and Snorre had been laid under contribution, and these recondite authors were made familiar to the passengers of Oxford-street. One celebrated critic was so awe-stricken with the learning and research displayed, that he said he always walked on the opposite side of the way. The interior of the theatre had long been forbidden him, owing to some irreverent remarks in a criticism—a piece of presumption, as it was remarked at the time, he being "a subordinate" and "a reporter." He thought that dressing the followers of *Macbeth* like "Ojibbeway Indians," if correct, was not picturesque; and he had the temerity even to doubt its correctness; but then perhaps he had not read Xiphilin.

We must, however, not attempt to particularise this wilderness of sweets. We cannot pursue all the testimonials which prove beyond controversy that Mr. Charles Kean is a very great tragedian. Who shall rebel against the written asseveration of Mr. Palgrave Simpson? Who dare follow the example of Douglas Jerrold, who, in finding fault with

Mr. Kean's management of the court theatricals, was guilty of "disrespect" to royalty. Awful responsibility of criticism! But no matter! We have already been told that "Homer, Plato, Isocrates, and Aristotle had Zoilus and Aristarchus; Crébillon, Voltaire, and the wits of Louis XV. had their Fréron; Addison and Pope their Dennis; Garrick his Ralph and Kenrick; Talma, Molé, and La Rivé their Geoffroy; and Charles Kean his Douglas Jerrold." To which we can only say, the last actor was better off than he deserved. Perhaps the greatest misfortune has been to have his Cole.

But there is balm in Gilead. Does not Mr. Recorder Warren report that Mr. Kean is "a splendid" actor? Do not "the cheeks" of Colonel Phipps "burn with excitement," although "his lower man was like marble"; and is not the opinion of his royal mistress "equally high"? Does not Miss Glyn "grow white with excitement and hold on by the back of the chair," although she has become composed enough to ask for a private box, and hint that the audience was cold? Are not Mr. and Mrs. Howitt "astonished" "beyond their expectation"? Does not Mr. Palgrave Simpson declare his over-excitement, notwithstanding which, however, he is going off "by the mail train to Paris"? To be sure, the slave is always close to the triumphal car; and there was a distressing noise—coughing or sneezing or buzzing—got up by those secret enemies that love to persecute genius and goodness. The magistrate to whom application was made was very obliging; but he could not commit people for sneezing, or punish consumption for not checking its chided cough.

But the theatre is full of envy, hatred, and malice; not even do statesmen, theologians, or antiquarians, hate with the hatred of theatrical partisans. Conspiracy, long abandoned by politicians, is still rife in the wings, and even in the stalls and boxes, of the theatre. Rachel had her conspiracy, until it was buried under a storm of wreaths, coronets, and bouquets with which her friends were determined to put an end to her opponents. But virtue triumphs always on the stage, and Mr. and Mrs. Kean are now at the unapproachable summit of their profession, according to Mr. Cole. But we must hasten to a conclusion, and the culminating event in Mr. Kean's life is fast approaching, towards which he had worked so incessantly, spending so much time, money, energy, and philanthropy; for had he not founded the Dramatic Authors' College, in which he was so worthily aided by the money of Mr. Dodd and the abilities of Mr. Cullenford? We think of Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy, but of Mr. Charles Kean between Benevolence and Business. Why does not Sir George Hayter rival Reynolds and hand the trio down to posterity? "The dinner took place, as arranged, at St. James's Hall, Regent-street, on Wednesday the 20th July;" but the change in the Ministry affected Mr. Kean, as every great national event seems to have done, and the Duke of Newcastle was obliged to take the chair instead of the Earl of Carlisle. We cannot record the long list of heraldic nobles who graced this festival; the nobles of Nature's creation were not so numerous. The speech of the most noble Duke does not to our mind give a correct view of the theatrical life and times of Mr. C. Kean, but it would be "disrespectful" for a reporter to contradict a Duke; so let it pass for what it is worth. Mr. Kean's reply is broken in many parts with—Cheers—Sensations—Bravos. It elicited "peals of applause." This is the climax of Mr. Kean's existence, and here therefore the biographer breaks off. He considers this to be his hero's Waterloo, and as the point at which archæology is to end and acting to begin. "He cannot ascend to a loftier eminence of fame than that which he has reached, while neither time nor rivalry can wither one leaf of the laurel crown he has so triumphantly won." The sky is all serene; the rays of fortune shine on him; he has won over "a hostile press, and may rest secure in that citadel of strength against the unavailing attacks of prejudice and personal hostility."

Thus conclude the first two volumes of the biography of Mr. Charles Kean; may the other two, which are to show the decline and fall of this bright theatrical star, be long in coming! The present should be gaily bound in congenial calf, and put on the library shelves between the Rev. Mr. Dillon's account of a Lord Mayor's Progress to Oxford, and the gorgeous account of Mr. Peabody's annual dinner to the sons of the Stars and Stripes resident in London.

BARTLETT'S DICTIONARY OF AMERICANISMS.

Dictionary of Americanisms: a Glossary of Words and Phrases usually regarded as peculiar to the United States. By JOHN RUSSELL BARTLETT. Second Edition, greatly improved and enlarged. Boston: Little, Brown, and Co. London: Trübner and Co. pp. 524.

THE VOLUME BEFORE US makes us more than doubt the truth of Dean Trench's dictum that the Bible and Shakespeare will not allow the English language to degenerate to any extent in America. The Copenhagen schoolmaster, with his prospectus of "American taught here," would now be scarcely ridiculous; and the Yankee patriot who proposed to leave the whipped Britishers their own language and substitute for it Greek, would (if his project had been possible) certainly not have lost by the exchange. Mr. Bartlett in his preface manfully owns the inferiority of the literary dialect of America to that of England:

The ripest scholars among us acknowledge the fact, that in the best authors and public speakers of Great Britain there is a variety in the choice of expres-

sions, a correctness in the use of the particles, and an idiomatic vigour and raciness of style, to which few or none of our writers can attain. The unfortunate tendency to favour the Latin at the expense of the Saxon element of our language, which social and educational causes have long tended to foster in the mother country, has with us received an additional impulse from the great admixture of foreigners in our population. It is not likely that the pure old idiomatic English style can ever be restored in this country; but there is no good reason to doubt, that the fusion of the present rather heterogeneous elements of which our society is composed, will result in the production of a style and a literature which will also have their beauties and merits, although fashioned after a somewhat different model.

He asserts, however, that in no part of the world is the English language spoken in greater purity by the great mass of the people than in the United States. This assertion we shall scarcely attempt to dispute. Provincial dialects are almost unknown in America, and we have little doubt that the son or grandson of a Yorkshire or Somersetshire farmer, if bred up in America, would speak English more correctly than his father or grandfather, simply because he would be comparatively unacquainted with provincialisms. In this sense it may be true that the great mass of people in America speak the English language with greater purity than it is spoken in this country; but we cannot allow that the educated classes of America speak it as correctly as do the educated classes in England; and we require no better proof of this than the admission that in America the language is not written with the same idiomatic correctness as with us. In a word, provincialisms in America are more generally distributed throughout all classes and places, and so they affect the whole American dialect, and not that only of some petty province.

There are a good many words and expressions in this bulky volume which we wish we could give up to our Transatlantic cousins, for the use of themselves and their heirs for ever; but, most unfortunately, we cannot. "Monstrous is much used by the vulgar for very," says Mr. Bartlett, who gives among other quotations one from "Sam Slick." The word used in this sense by Dryden has not yet departed from among us; and we could give, if it were necessary, graver examples of its use than the man of Thessaly, who was "monstrous wise," and the "monsous foolish" of old Major Pendennis.

In looking over the leaves of this volume we are a good deal struck with the want of invention shown by the Americans in forming original words. They borrow very often some good, honest, hard-working word, which has done excellent service in its native country, and they acclimatise the kidnapped stranger by conferring upon him a meaning utterly alien to his derivation or composition and generally-received acceptance.

Place aux dames. Let us open this book at the word "female," and see how it is used, or misused, in America. Dr. Johnson thus defines the word, "A she; one of the sex that brings forth young." An American lady (Mrs. Sarah J. Hale) thus indignantly moralises upon the use of this word in America:

Where used to discriminate between the sexes, the word *female* is an adjective; but many writers employ the word as a noun, which, when applied to woman, is improper, and sounds unpleasantly, as referring to an animal. To illustrate: almost every newspaper we open, or book we read, will have sentences like these: "A man and two *females* were seen," &c., "A gentleman was walking with a *female* companion," "The *females* were much alarmed," "A *female* child," &c. Now why is such a style of writing tolerated? Why is the adjective, which applies to all female animals, used as the noun designating woman? It is inelegant as well as absurd. Expressed correctly, thus, "A man and two women," &c., "A gentleman and a lady," "The women were alarmed," "A little girl," who does not see and feel that these last sentences are in better taste, more correct in language, and more definite in meaning? We call on our sex, on women, to use pen and voice to correct the error of language which degrades them by the animal epithet only.

Some part of this criticism reminds us of Bob Sawyer's landlady, who, when Mr. Pickwick styled her "my good woman," intimated to him, in breathless wrath, that he could not call her by a more offensive name than that of "woman."

The word "fen," (Lat. *defendo*) is still used in one of the largest schools in England, and we dare say in others also. We have heard the slang expression "it is no good," or "he is no good," used in London, though we would willingly resign it to Mr. Bartlett. We may perhaps add that the term "good man" is applied at Oxford and Cambridge to a good scholar—a use of the word that so offended the present head master of Harrow, that some time ago he animadverted against the custom in a sermon afterwards published.

Before proceeding with this review we must add that there appears to us to be an immense number of words in this volume which are simply slang. Indeed, the innumerable quotations from "Sam Slick," and similar books, prove this; and though we should not like to see all words excluded from this work which are not admissible into the American drawing-room or boudoir, we do not care to see here any expressions that are peculiar to the pot-house, or loafer out of luck. As we have lately had a dictionary of English slang, let us by all means, if necessary, have a companion volume of American slang, rather than such an admixture as we have in the volume before us.

Is the word "chute" an Americanism? It seems to have considerably puzzled the Hon. Judge Hall on his travels, who writes thus: "Whether it be a Greek, an Indian, or a Kentucky phrase, I cannot inform you. I have sought its derivation in all languages with which I am conversant, without effect. In point of fact, it is applied to channels through which a boat may be said to shoot with the swiftness of an arrow." Possibly, French had been omitted from the list of languages with which the Judge was conversant; but if the word "chute"

be in constant use in America, we should have expected to find it in these pages. Other Yankeeisms about which the Judge is rather facetious are omitted in this volume, such as "blue licks," "lost creeks," "mud bottoms." Whether "blue licks" are salt springs, or whether they have anything to do with the "big licks" alluded to by Mr. Bartlett, we cannot divine. Perhaps, too, we shall learn in the next edition of this book the meaning of "lost creeks." "Mud bottoms" are intelligible enough from the editor's definition of the word "bottom" as applied to alluvial soil.

There are also some other words which we miss in these pages, and which we know are in constant use even among those Americans who speak the English language more correctly than we benighted Britishers can do. For instance, "whiffle tree" for "splinter bar," "dashboard" for "splashboard," "draw" for "drawbridge," "humly" (used in New England) for the American "ugly" and English "ill-natured." Having lighted upon the word "splendorous" in a volume of poems lately published by one of the masters of Harrow School, we will give that gentleman a quotation from Mr. Bartlett's book, where the similar and equally good word "splendiferous" is used:

An itinerant gosseller was holding forth to a Kentuckian audience, on the kingdom of heaven: "Heaven, my beloved hearers," said he, "is a glorious, a beautiful, a *splendiferous*, an angeliferous place. Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, it has not entered into the imagination of any Cracker in these here diggings what carryings on the just made perfect have up thar."

"Saphead," a blockhead, is used in its shorter form "sap," as meaning a hard-working dunce at Addiscombe College and other military schools. Whether, used in this sense, the word "sap" is taken from the Lat. *sapio*, or is an old Yorkshire word, we cannot decide.

In examining this volume, we cannot but notice the very small number of Hibernicisms which have been affiliated into the English language in America. Paddy's "convenient," in the sense of "close at hand," has however got into good company in America, as (to use another Hibernicism) it was "to the fore" in President Polk's last message.

"What are you driving at?" The peculiar use of this expression in America is defended by three quotations from comic writers. We cannot help thinking that if any one chose to waste his time in searching through the files of *Punch* he would find the expression used there also more than once.

There are not a few words in this volume which we cannot (we sometimes wish we could) accept as peculiar to American civilisation and improvement. "To rat" with us is used in a somewhat larger signification than in America, where a printer working under price is said "to rat." We have the authority of "Sam Slick" and Dow's Sermons that "titivate" is used in America in the sense of "dress up," &c.; but have we not the vocabulary of half the servant girls in England, backed by Mr. Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year," to show that that especial word represents a particular phase of dressing in England, even though that phase be not in the very best fashion? We and all anglers, we think, will protest against the words "bob" and "troll" being confined to American fishermen.

There are a number of words which, though of inoffensive meaning in our vocabulary, the Americans have somewhat transformed, and *vice versa*. "Titter" with us conjures up ideas of innocent, though occasionally out-of-place, laughter; with the Americans it represents a cutaneous disease. We need not, unfortunately, explain the meaning of the word "bug" in England; in America it is simply a coleopterous insect, though we can readily understand that the domestic nuisances already mentioned are not indigenous to our native land, by the South American appropriation of the expressive Spanish word "chinch." Surely the word that follows the insect we have been just mentioning is not peculiar to America. What would the Indian officer do without his "buggy?" We will give as our last quotation from this book one genuine American verb, "to tree":

Forty-five years ago there was an extensive religious excitement in Kentucky, produced by a man partially deranged, who had been a hunter and who believed himself inspired. His proceedings were characterised by the greatest fanaticism, and partook of the character of the man as a hunter. In order to resist the devil and make him flee from you, it was necessary, he contended, to give him chase, to tree and shoot him as you would a wolf among the sheep, who came but to devour. As the meeting was held in a grove, one individual suddenly started in pursuit, as he supposed, of the devil; and others of a peculiar nervous temperament, having no power to resist, involuntarily joined in the pursuit; and this was called the "running exercise!" One climbed up a tree; and others caught the mania. This was called the "climbing exercise!" Another was moved to bark; and soon others, even though they used every method to prevent it, fell to involuntarily barking like dogs. While others gathered round the tree praying for success. This was called "treeing the devil!" It was literally a devil chase! And such a time of running, climbing, dog-barking, and devil-chasing was, perhaps, never known before or since.

We have our revivals in England, and of later days in Ireland too, where we do not, unfortunately, chase the devil up a tree, but through a dark room, which turns out to be a very inferior kind of chase. In summing up, we must allow that the merits of this book are very considerable; the research and generally judicious handling of the matter by the editor are great; but in nearly every page we have an expression which is at least as much English as American set down as purely American, while a number of the grossest Americanisms (not slang, be it remembered) are omitted altogether.

If, then, our advice will avail anything with the editor, let him go on in his good work, but let him not refuse to receive, or at least ponder over, kindly criticisms. Let him separate American slang from Americanisms generally received, and let him more carefully dis-

tinguish between what is almost pure American and what is quite pure English. We make these suggestions not unkindly; we acknowledge the great pains and the not inconsiderable talents which have been expended upon the composition of this book; but the book may, and we trust will, be improved, and we think few writers can make these improvements better if they choose than Mr. Bartlett.

In conclusion, we have to ask ourselves the very important question, whether the Americans have contributed much, or at all, towards the improvement of our common tongue. We answer after due deliberation, No, not in the least. There are some few words here that remind us of Cowper's line, that "God made the country and man made the town." Nearly all the American words which will at all attract any thoughtful reader are those which relate to the country, and country labours, and country amusements. These are not ingeniously chosen, nor are they suggestive of much poetry; but of that we can scarcely complain, as they may be improved in time.

But otherwise there is no one word, no one expression, which any Englishman would care to adopt into his own language. Each word and each expression savours (to us) of something which we have not yet, and which, it is to be hoped, we may never have. The tender words (we know that words do not always sound as they mean) sound to us as coarse; the words of affection irreverent, yet not full of meaning; the hopes of the hopeful are those of the present world, not in its best or kindest phase; the commercial words savour rather of ingenuity than of honesty; the words of masters to their servants (or rather slaves) are far from kindly, and the words of servants (not slaves) towards their masters have very little respect.

There is nothing in the new-born language to inspire us with future hopes of America; there is nothing to inspire us Anglo-Saxons with the idea that we may flee away from European commotion, and be at rest in the United States; but there is much to the contrary.

Still this book is, or ought to be, exceedingly interesting to all who care about England or the English language. Knowing the immense labour which must have been expended on it, we suggest, with deference, that it may be improved—nay, that it must, if it is to be the standard work on the subject.

SCOTTISH CHARACTER.

Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character. By E. B. RAMSAY, M.A., F.R.S.E., Dean of Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. pp. 219.

ALTHOUGH THIS IS THE THIRD EDITION of Mr. Ramsay's little volume, it is so great an advance upon its predecessor, and offers so much of what is new and admirable, that we feel quite justified in treating it as a new work. For the information of those who have not become acquainted with it in its earlier phases, we may at once state that Mr. Ramsay's intention has been to illustrate Scotch character as it now exists and has existed in times past by a collection of humorous anecdotes, and of those idiomatic and proverbial phrases, which, minted, as it were, by the national fancy and the national humour, pass current immediately into popular use, and afford the very best indications possible of the spirit and humour of an age.

Mr. Ramsay is a true Scotchman, and in applying his facts to the elucidation of his theories he has generally contrived to put the Scotch character in its best possible light. Let that pass. Something of the kind has been rendered necessary by the endless attacks and still more unceasing gibes of which our North British friends have been made the objects. Long before Johnson, it was the fashion to jeer at Scotch penury and Scotch parsimony, and at the national disposition of Scotchmen to do as much and as well for themselves as possible, and it is right that something should be heard, if not in precise opposition, at least of a nature to represent the Scotch character as not altogether contemptible. This is what Mr. Ramsay has apparently proposed to himself, and what he has undoubtedly to a very fair extent performed. With these few words of introduction we shall proceed to take a cursory survey of his pages.

Who can do otherwise than sympathise with the honest indignation of that "writer" from Perth, with whom the Duke of Athol had made an appointment, and whom the self-same duke also slighted by breaking his appointment and going out after the red deer. On asking of a Highlander present "Who did he swear at?" the answer was, "Ou, he didna swear at onything particular, but juist stude in ta middle of ta road and swoor at lairge."

But, if they swear in Scotland, there is also much deep-seated religious feeling, and we are glad to hear on the authority of Mr. Ramsay that habits of devotion are fast spreading, especially among the younger folk. The stern but sincere Presbyterianism of some of the lowest orders of Scotch has been long known and respected. Who could do otherwise than respect the shepherd who replied to Lord Rutherford when he d—d the mist? "What ails you at the mist? It wats the grass and slockens the ewes?" and adding, with much solemnity, "It's God's wull." That a strong religious feeling is not invariably attended by a personal veneration for the preacher is clear from the following story about Dr. Chalmers:

A lady, who is most active in that department, gives me an amusing instance of self-complacency arising from such attendance. She was visiting in the West Port not far from the church established by my illustrious friend Dr. Chalmers. Having asked a poor woman if she ever attended it for Divine service—"Ou ay," she replied; "there's a man ca'd Chalmers preaches there, and I whiles gang in and hear him, just to encourage him, puir body!"

There are some fine Jacobite anecdotes in Mr. Ramsay's book. The following is splendid:

A former Mr Stirling of Keir had favoured the Stuart cause, and had in fact attended a muster of forces at the Brig of Turk in the year 1708. This symptom of a rising against the Government occasioned much attention, and the authorities were very active in their endeavours to discover who were the leaders of the movement. Keir was suspected. The miller of Keir was brought forward as a witness, and swore positively that the laird was not present. Now, as it was well known that he was there, and that the miller knew it, a neighbour asked him privately, when he came out of the witness-box, how he could on oath assert such a falsehood. The miller replied, quite undaunted, and with a feeling of confidence in the righteousness of his cause approaching the sublime,—"I would rather trust my soul to God's mercy than trust Keir's head into their hands."

Of course, a collection of Scotch anecdotes without any bearing upon the drinking customs of the country would be sadly imperfect. Some of these deserve quotation:

As in the case of a drinking Angus laird, entertaining for his guest a London merchant of formal manners and temperate habits. The poor man was driven from the table when the drinking set in hard, and stole away to take refuge in his bedroom. The company, however, were determined not to let the worthy citizen off so easily, but proceeded in a body, with the laird at their head, and invaded his privacy, by exhibiting bottles and glasses at his bedside. Losing all patience, the wretched victim gasped out his indignation: "Sir, your hospitality borders upon brutality."

But there were giants in Scotia in these days. Saunders Paul, the innkeeper of Banchory, could hold his own in whisky glass for glass with the claret of the Laird of Skene for the whole evening. This same Mr. Paul it was who thought porter a wholesome beverage "if you did not take more than a dozen." Lord Hermand, the Scotch lawyer, was a celebrated tippler of that age, and has been known when practising at the bar to go through an entire circuit drunk. Mr. Ramsay testifies, however, to some points on which the drinking customs have been considerably reformed. Thus, although in the Highlands it has always been customary to drink immense quantities at a funeral, when Mr. Ramsay officiated at the funeral of the late Duke of Sutherland, the procession was a mile long, and the refreshments were provided for 7000 persons; there was plenty of beef, bread, and beer, but not a drop of whisky was allowed on the property that day.

The independence of character to be noticed among the Scotch peasantry is occasionally very well illustrated in these pages. We must say that we feel some respect for Boaty, the fisherman of Banchory:

He was perhaps a little spoiled, and presumed upon the indulgence and familiarity shown to him in the way of his craft; as, for example, he was in attendance with his boat on a sportsman who was both skilful and successful, for he caught salmon after salmon. Between each fish catching he solaced himself with a good pull from a flask, which he returned to his pocket, however, without offering to let Boaty have any participation in the refreshment. Boaty, partly a little professionally jealous, perhaps, at the success, and partly indignant at receiving less than his usual attention on such occasions, and seeing no prospect of amendment, deliberately pulled the boat to shore, shouldered the oars, rods, landing-nets, and all the fishing apparatus which he had provided, and set off homewards. His companion, far from considering his day's work to be over, and keen for more sport, was amazed, and peremptorily ordered him to come back. But all the answer made by the offended Boaty was, "Na, na; them 'at drink by themselfs may just fish by themselfs."

Less tolerable were the heroes of the following stories:

A friend told me of a dinner scene illustrative of this sort of interference which had happened at Airth in the last generation. Mrs. Murray, of Abercainy, had been amongst the guests, and at dinner one of the family noticed that she was looking for the proper spoon to help herself with salt. The old servant, Thomas, was appealed to, that the want might be supplied. He did not notice the appeal. It was repeated in a more peremptory manner, "Thomas, Mrs. Murray has not a salt-spoon," to which he replied most emphatically, "Last time Mrs. Murray dined here we lost a salt-spoon." An old servant who took a similar charge of everything that went on in the family, having observed that his master thought he had drunk wine with every lady at table, but had overlooked one, jogged his memory with the question, "What ails ye at her wi the green gown?"

Much as we admire the coolness of these privileged individuals, the sang froid of their masters and mistresses is even more to be envied. Imagine the nerve of that fine old Scotch dame who, well aware that her old domestic was in the habit of reading her letters before taking them to the post, read her letter over to him, and said: "There noo, Andrew, ye ken a' that's in't; noo dinna stop to open it, but juist send it aff."

The economical habits of the Scotch supply the subject to many an anecdote. One laddie bewails to another the expense of living in London. "Aye," says the other, "whun ye get cheenge for a sax-pence here, it's soon slippit awa." We ourselves remember a case of one Irishman upbraiding another for not having the means to pay for a pot of beer withal: "No money! why, you changed half a crown yesterday." The humour of Scotch ladies also furnishes Mr. Ramsay with many a good story:

Mrs. Baird, of Newbyth, the mother of our distinguished countryman, the late General Sir David Baird, was always spoken of as a grand specimen of the class. When the news arrived from India of the gallant but unfortunate action of '84 against Hyder Ali, in which her son, then Captain Baird, was engaged, it was stated that he and other officers had been taken prisoner and chained together two and two. The friends were careful in breaking such sad intelligence to the mother of Captain Baird. When, however, she was made fully to understand the position of her son and his gallant companions, disdaining all weak and useless expressions of her own grief, and knowing well the restless and athletic habits of her son, all she said was, "Lord pity the chiel that's chained to our Davy."

The Frenchman who sustained the honour of his national cuisine to

an old Scotch peeress came but badly off: "Weel, weel," quoth the dame, "some fook like parritch and some like paddocks." For the benefit of the uninitiated, we may mention that the last word signifies frogs. Sorry are we that Mr. Ramsay's anecdotes do not always tend to the glorification of moral virtue in these ladies:

I had from a relative or intimate friend of two sisters of this school, well known about Glasgow, an odd account of what it seems from their own statement had passed between them at a country house, where they had attended a sale by auction. As the business of the day went on, a dozen of silver spoons had to be disposed of; and before they were put up for competition, they were, according to the usual custom, handed round for inspection by the company. When returned into the hands of the auctioneer, he found only eleven. In great wrath, he ordered the door to be shut, that no one might escape, and insisted on every one present being searched, to discover the delinquent. One of the sisters, in consternation, whispered to the other, "Esther, ye hae nae gotten the spune?" to which the other replied, "Na; but I hae gotten Mrs. Siddons in my pocket." She had been struck by a miniature of the great actress, and quietly had pocketed it. The cautious reply of the sister was, "Then just drop her, Esther."

The following is sufficiently humorous to be excused:

A case has been reported of a country girl, however, who thought it possible there might be an excess in such scrupulous regard to appearances. On her marriage-day the youth to whom she was about to be united, said to her in a triumphant tone, "Weel, Jenny, haven't I been unco ceevil?" alluding to the fact that during their whole courtship he had never even given her a kiss. Her quiet reply was, "Ou, aye, man; senselessly ceevil."

Nor will these instances of Scotch quaintness spoil in the telling:

It was told of an old Miss Johnstone of Hawk Hill, that, when dying, a tremendous storm of rain and thunder came on, so as to shake the house. In the same quaint eccentric spirit, and with no thought of profane or light allusions, she looked up, and, listening to the storm, quietly remarked in reference to her departure, "Ech, sirs! what a night for me to be fleeing thro' the air!" A very strong-minded lady of the class, and, in Lord Cockburn's language, "indifferent about modes and habits," had been asking from a lady the character of a cook she was about to hire. The lady naturally entered a little upon her moral qualifications, and described her as a very decent woman; the reply to which was, "Oh, d—n her decency; can she make good collops?"

Another old lady of the same kidney

Liked a party at quadrille, and sent out her servant every morning to invite the ladies required to make up the game, and her directions were graduated thus—"Nelly, you'll gang to Lady Carnegie's, and mak my compliments, and ask the honour of her ladyship's company, and that of the Miss Carnegies, to tea this evening; and if they canna come, ging to the Miss Mudies, and ask the pleasure of their company; and if they canna come, you may ging to Miss Hunter, and ask the favour of her company; and if she canna come, ging to Lucky Spark and bid her come."

Mr. Ramsay has brought together, from sources which he refers to (and his volume may in this part be taken for an excellent guide to the early literature of Scotch proverbial philosophy) a fine collection of adages and proverbs. The volumes of Balfour, Kelly, Ferguson, Allan Ramsay, Henderson, and William Stirling of Keir, have been ransacked for this purpose, and some of the results are admirable. All the following proverbs are familiar to the reader in a more English dress, and perhaps some of them too in a Greek one:

A burnt bairn fire dreads.—Ae swallow maks nae simmer.—Faint heart neer wan fair lady.—Ill weeds wax weel.—Mony smas mak a muckle.—O' twa ills chuse the least.—Set a knave to grip a knave.—Twa wits are better than ane.—There's nae fule to an auld fule.—Ye canna mak a silk purse o' a sow's lug.—Ae bird i' the hand is worth twa fleeing.—Mony cooks neer made gude kail.

Others are less familiar to us. "A bonny bride's soon basket" is an epigrammatic form of expressing that beauty sometimes stands in stead of wealth. We quite agree with Mr. Ramsay in thinking that "It's ill getting the brecks aff the Highlandman," savours of a Lowland origin. The selfish piece of advice, "Keep your ain fish-guts to your ain sea mews" was a favourite saying with Sir Walter Scott, and has very lately been made to do good service in the House of Commons by an orator who is not usually over-nice with the tropes which he employs.

Returning to the traits of Scotch character, we select a few that appear most worthy of quotation:

Mr. Taylor, well known in London as having the management of the opera-house, had his father up from Aberdeen to visit him and see the wonders of the city. When the old man returned home, his friends inquired what sort of business his son carried on? "Ou," said he (in reference to the operatic singers and the *corps de ballet*), "He just keeps a curn (a number) o' wirricows (dressed up creatures) and weanies (children), and gars them fiddle (make whistling noises), and loup, and mak murgeons (distorted gestures) to the great fook." . . . A farmer in Strathmore being invited to dine at Belmont, had the precaution to ask the butler if there was any particular ceremony to be observed at table, and was told there was only one thing his lord and lady disliked, and that was the drinking of healths. The good man determined to be on his good behaviour; so, when raising the wine to his lips, he called out, "Here's to a' the company's gude health, except my Lord Privy Seal and Lady Betty Mackenzie."

Judging by the following very good story, even the idiots in Scotland exhibit occasional glimpses of cuteness:

A well-known idiot, Jamie Fraser, belonging to the parish of Lunan, in Forfarshire, quite surprised people sometimes by his replies. The congregation of his parish church had for some time distressed the minister by their habit of sleeping in church. He had often endeavoured to impress them with a sense of the impropriety of such conduct; and one day, when Jamie was sitting in the front gallery wide awake, when many were slumbering round him, the clergyman endeavoured to awaken the attention of his hearers by stating the fact, saying, "You see even Jamie Fraser, the idiot, does not fall asleep as so many of you are doing." Jamie, not liking, perhaps, to be thus designated, coolly replied, "An' I hadna been an idiot I wad ha' been sleeping too."

The reflections and disquisitions which Mr. Ramsay appends to his anecdotes are always sensible and generally convincing. In introducing his anecdotes he himself states that his object was to impart instruc-

tion rather than to amuse. Let us hasten to assure him that, in our case at least, he has done both. Nor do we think that we should do justice to every one who deserves praise did we not slip in a good word for the admirable manner in which the volume is put forward. In paper, type, size, and binding, it is the perfection of a handy and elegant little volume.

THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND.

Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses. By AGNES STRICKLAND. Vol. VIII. William Blackwood and Sons. pp. 416.

THIS IS THE CONCLUDING VOLUME of eight of the pleasantest extant volumes of English biography. We are no partisans either of Miss Strickland's religious or political opinions. We deprecate her Roman Catholicism; we smile at her Jacobitism and her detestation of William III. Her books abound in prejudices and are eminently partial and one-sided. But she is a charming authoress; a thorough "desperate, headlong, downright she," quite irrational but wholly feminine. She is really delightful; she possesses completely the literary attribute of her sex—the art of telling a narrative easily, gracefully, perfectly. Only now and then she shows just the faintest possible tendency to prose, when she seeks—as no woman can help doing—to "improve the opportunity" by revealing a pet dogma or two of her own theology, just a stray truism of female morality, a hint of her ancient genealogy and the glory of her literary craft. The singular personal is too low for Agnes Strickland, speaking in her own person; and the editorial "we" exalts her dignity appropriately to her readers. *Cosi fan tutte*. The dear creatures—especially when they turn authoresses—are sure enough to stand on their dignity; but we say in all heartiness and respect, Long live Agnes Strickland to write many more such volumes as the present; of which we boast—a rare boast for a critic—to have read every page with interest and pleasure.

In truth it is a volume of great utility as well as of great interest. It is at once the history of the two most distinguished princesses of the seventeenth century, and of the two most important persons through whom Queen Victoria traces her right to sit on the English throne. Who can off-hand state the history of the Protestant Succession? How many people are not imbued with the notion that the Guelphs did not come in until the Stuarts had gone out! Yet her present Majesty reigns as the undoubted heiress of the Stuarts; and her ancestors reigned from 1714 as the younger branch of the same family. But the history of one hundred years is required to connect James I. and George I.; and that history has to be sought in the annals of small German Courts, and in the lives of the two princesses whose biographies fill this volume: Elizabeth the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Bohemia, and her daughter Sophia, Electress of Hanover and mother of George I.

Elizabeth, eldest daughter of James VI. of Scotland and I. of England by Anne of Denmark, was born at Falkland Palace August 19, 1596. She was named after her powerful godmother the Queen of England. Removed in early childhood to England, and sharing in the increased grandeur of her family, she retained through life all her Scotch simplicity of character. Her liveliness and beauty made her a popular favourite in the land of her adoption; and when, in 1613, she became the wife of the young Elector-Palatine Frederic, her departure for Germany caused a national regret in England.

Elizabeth has the unquestionable but dubious honour of having caused the Thirty Years' War. Her husband was a quiet and unambitious prince devoted to his wife, and well satisfied with his patrimony of the Palatinate and his beautiful capital and palace of Heidelberg. But Elizabeth was ambitious. Her mother, Anne of Denmark, had exacted a promise from Frederic that his wife should always take precedence of him. When the elective crown of Bohemia became open to competition in 1619, by the death of the Emperor Matthias of Germany, his successor Ferdinand claimed the Bohemian sovereignty by hereditary right. The spirit of the nation rose against the encroachment, and the vacant throne was offered by the people to Frederic. He hesitated long; would have even refused it, but for his wife, who taunted him with the question why he had married a king's daughter if he dreaded being a king? This woman's sarcasm caused the longest and bloodiest war of many centuries. Frederic accepted the crown; crossed with his wife into Bohemia, and was installed and crowned king. But his triumph, and that of Elizabeth, was of short duration. The new king was besieged in his capital of Prague; defeated in a pitched battle, and forced, with his wife and new-born babe, to fly for life. The torrent of invasion poured into his hereditary duchy of the Palatinate; his palace of Heidelberg became a desolation; and thenceforward, during the twelve remaining years of his life, he was a fugitive and a wanderer with his wife and a large family at the courts of foreign princes. The cause and restoration of Frederic, and especially of Elizabeth, to their dominions became a fashion and a mania with the princes of northern Europe. Her cousin Christian bore on his banner "All for God and her." Gustavus Adolphus used her husband's claim for his own purposes, but intended to have restored him to his Palatinate. But the death of the king of Sweden, followed shortly by that of Frederic, left Elizabeth for the rest of her life a pensioner on the Dutch States and her brother Charles. By his death she was thrown completely on the hospitality of the Hague until the restoration of her nephew Charles II. brought her prosperity in the shape of a munificent

annuity. She did not live to enjoy it, but died in London on a visit to her royal nephew in 1661.

The character of Elizabeth is a peculiarly amiable one, and she seems to have had much of that rare fascination by which her grandmother, Mary Stuart, enchanted her contemporaries and even posterity. Beautiful, lively, winning in her youth, she became in her old age cheerful, entertaining, and sensible. Extravagant expenditure, arising out of a generosity that could never deny a petition, was her one fault, unless the ambition, for which she was so signally punished, were another. Devoted to her husband, her children, and her brother Charles, staunch to the latter in his misfortunes, and spurning indignantly propositions from France and England by which she might, perhaps, have risen on his fall, she displayed through life all the best qualities of a true woman and a noble princess. Her later life was embittered by family discord. Her elder son Charles Louis, when restored to his patrimony of the Palatinate, neglected her, and disregarded her natural and legal claims on his estate. Her daughter Louisa became a Roman Catholic. Her son Maurice, after earning a reputation in the Civil Wars only second to Rupert, disappeared mysteriously in a ship at sea. But the fiery Rupert, her second and noblest son, was always true to his mother. Charles II. appears to have had a very sincere love for his aunt, whose *bonhomie* of character had much that resembled his own.

The second and concluding biography of this volume, and the last of the series, tells the story of the witty but little-known Sophia, Electress of Hanover—the ancestress through whom more immediately Queen Victoria reigns in England. Sophia was the youngest daughter of Frederic and Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia; thus she was granddaughter of James I., niece of Charles I., and first cousin of Charles II. She was born in 1730, when her father and mother were in the lowest depth of their fugitive destitution. Bred up with twelve elder brothers and sisters her childhood attracted little notice; and it was not until long after her marriage with Ernest Augustus, Duke of Brunswick-Lunenbourg, and afterwards Elector of Hanover, that her position, as that of the most important in English politics, became apparent by the extinction of the elder branches of her family. This result placed her next in succession to the English throne on the contingency, which happened, of the descendants of her brother Charles I. failing, or becoming ineligible to the succession; for James I. left only two surviving children, Charles I. and Elizabeth of Bohemia.

Sophia was the cleverest princess of her century. The accomplished linguist in seven languages, learned in numerous sciences, a competent and favourite correspondent of Leibnitz, she combined extraordinary acquirements with much real wit and more than ordinary enlightenment. Sophia throughout life was pre-eminently that rare combination, a sensible and entertaining woman. She was charged with being imbued with much of the latitudinarian philosophy of the day; but her sweet and forgiving temper and large-hearted charity impart a remarkably amiable aspect to her character. She was manifestly French as well as German; and therefore delicate and elegant, as well as simple and staunch. When diplomacy had to be done, none could show greater tact; and when business had no claim on her, her delight was to be in her garden and among her flowers. There, at the age of eighty-three, only a few months before the death of Queen Anne, she expired suddenly, in June, 1714, leaving the coveted crown of England almost in her grasp, as the proud inheritance of her son, afterwards George I.

MR. TRACY TURNERELLI AGAIN.

A Night in a Haunted House: a Tale of Facts. By the author of "Kazan." (The ghost story recently related in aid of a public charity in Ryde.) London: Ward and Lock.

ECCE ITERUM CRISPINUS! Behold Mr. Tracy Turnerelli again, "healthier, wealthier, and wiser," as he informs us, "than he was before." That gentleman is undoubtedly the best judge of his advance in health and wealth, but, after the perusal of his new essay in authorship, we are rather inclined to demur to the statement of his boasted progress in wisdom. At least, if he have progressed in this latter quality, his progress has been rather slow than sure, and his wisdom is even now much more like that of the sucking dove than of the guileful serpent.

We must own that our author has on this occasion chosen a much less offensive subject than when he last appeared before the public. In the midst of the Crimean war and the tears and bereavements of so many English families, it required a certain amount of stoicism to be able to listen with patience to the fulsome panegyrics which an Englishman thought fit to lavish upon the Czar and his policy, as well as the unmeasured terms of abuse in which he commented on the efforts and failures of his own country. Yet, preposterous as were the absurd arguments and the bad taste of Mr. Turnerelli, we were forced to give him credit for at least some sincerity. Readers of Mr. Turnerelli's publications, who allowed their indignation to outrun their logic, might for a moment hint that that gentleman had reasons for loving his enemies and hating his friends, or rather countrymen. But at last critics, generally speaking, came to the conclusion that Mr. Turnerelli was a sincere Russophile, whose vanity, utter bad taste, and ostentatious anti-patriotism, made him much more offensive than formidable.

We are forced, somewhat against our will, to give our readers the

foregoing sketch of Mr. Turnerelli's antecedents, as otherwise they will be puzzled to know why we take notice of a publication whose insignificance as well as absurdity would seem justly to place it without the pale of criticism. Nor let our readers imagine that we are treating Mr. Turnerelli unkindly in thus noticing his writings. No remarks of ours can anger the sublime heart of that gentleman, who some time ago favoured us (and we believe others of his reviewers) with a letter assuring us of his profound contempt for critics in general, and laughing, though very angrily, at the petty malice which could trace flaws or bad taste in aught proceeding from his pen.

"Fit nihil ex nihilo," said the metaphysical poet of Rome; but not so thinks Mr. Tracy Turnerelli, who has laboured throughout seventy-one dull pages to prove the contrary.

From the preface, dedicated to Mr. Turnerelli's former reviewers, we extract one choice though illogical *morceau*:

Heaven willed that my little sacrifices made, as the French say, "pour l'amour de la patrie," should not be made in vain. What I voluntarily gave up from a sense of duty was tenfold restored to me. I am now—God be praised for it!—"healthier, wealthier, and wiser" too, I hope, than I was before; and for this I have to thank neither sceptred monarchs, nor potent statesmen, nor mitred prelates, nor influential friends (and, in one way or other, at that time I had to do with all of them), but wholly, undividedly, Divine Providence, which sent me three of its best and choicest gifts, just at the moment when they were needed most, and when the least I had the right to look for them.

"Patrie" we suppose is a misprint for "Russie;" and why, unless Mr. Turnerelli means to cry *peccavi*, should he say, that after having done his duty he had least the right to look for gifts from Divine Providence. Perhaps he considered that Divine Providence had already sufficiently rewarded his sacrifices by the ring which he received from his Imperial Majesty the Czar.

Mr. Turnerelli, in an impudently fulsome dedication to Mr. Charles Dickens, appeals to that gentleman to assist him in letting this haunted house; though how Mr. Dickens can assist him in letting it, or how, if Mr. Dickens could assist Mr. Turnerelli, the latter would be benefited by it, we are quite at a loss to understand. We ought to add that Mr. Turnerelli was the person who some months ago made such a sensation at Ryde with his novel "Christmas Carol," as he styled it, and that "A Night in a Haunted House" is the identical "Christmas Carol" by which such a sensation was made.

We will now give a brief sketch of the story. The writer, last Autumn, visited the town of Kilkenny, which he describes as being so full of marvels, that we ourselves, who know the place well, feel somewhat like No-Eyes in the story must have felt, after hearing that observant young gentleman, Mr. Eyes, narrate the wonders he had seen and heard.

Mr. Turnerelli, who informs us that he is always the victim to a poetic melancholy about the close of autumn, took a walk in the neighbourhood of the town, and had the good fortune to observe from the road a dilapidated old mansion. Believing it to be uninhabited, our traveller sat down to sketch, when suddenly he "saw the old door open, and out of this old house emerged an old man, followed close at his heels by an old woman." Our traveller agrees to rent the old house for ten shillings a week. On examining the bedroom he finds a guitar there, on which, giving way to his autumnal melancholy, he plays at once "Weber's last waltz." The old landlord informs Mr. Turnerelli that he has previously had a lodger to whom the guitar belonged. Mr. Turnerelli's next move was somewhat unfortunate: he sends out for a bottle of whiskey. "I'll have on my return a good cup of tea, and sing a merry song, and sip with it, friends, a good tumbler of whiskey—a thing I never take, but I'll have one to-night, even though Father Matthew were at hand to lecture me about it." Between the whiskey-punch and the autumnal melancholy Mr. Turnerelli naturally has the nightmare, and imagines he hears the former owner of the guitar playing in his tapestried chamber. It turns out, on inquiry of the "ancient servitor," that a lodger has died in the bedroom which Mr. Turnerelli occupied, and has left some fragments of letters with the parish priest; *et voilà tout*. Mr. Turnerelli goes to the grave to read these memorials of the departed guitar player. This done, "I took out of my pocket a pencil, and, kneeling respectfully on the grave, I wrote on the uncarved stone the following:

+
A child of sorrow lies buried here.
His name is unknown.
Passer! Respect his grave!
For he died of a broken heart.

If Mr. Turnerelli did not resemble the needy knife-grinder in having no story to tell, we should certainly be somewhat indignant at the lame and impotent conclusion and cheap romance which is satisfied with the very fleeting memento of some pencil marks. This story is the first of a series; and it must be some consolation to Mr. Turnerelli to know that he cannot write greater nonsense, and may possibly, when free from the effects of whiskey-punch and melancholy, concoct something better.

EASTERN TRAVEL.

Photograms of an Eastern Tour. By E. London: John Farquhar Shaw. pp. 340.

WEARIED OF LENGTHY VIATORIAL PREFACES, which so frequently contain dull apologies for indiscreetly publishing, and pathetic allusions to too indulgent friends, we were pleased with the few modest and manly words with which the author apologises for

introducing his readers to scenes of travel previously described too often for the patience of a book-buying public. An old Oxonian, the author accepts without demur for the title of his book the word "Photograms," which would (if we may resuscitate for a moment the now forgotten controversy between the defenders of telegraph and telegrapheme) shock any more classically correct Cantab, who is not yet convinced that the popular acceptance of a word must overrule all the grammatical objections of college dons and London pedants.

This little volume comprises a series of twenty-one letters dated from different points of travel. They are written in a simple unaffected style; and if they contain nothing very new, at all events they refresh our old recollections of localities and events very pleasantly. The file might, however, have been occasionally used with some advantage, and such entries as that "it was very amusing to see a little dog to-day running along the train for some way, barking at it," &c., &c., judiciously omitted. Starting from Dublin, the writer proceeds eastwards through Calais, Aix-la-Chapelle, &c., stopping at Graefrath to see the famous oculist Dr. Von Leuw, who gave him a prescription, for which we refer our weak-eyed readers to these pages. Dresden is soon reached, which city is all agog with one of Madame Goldschmidt's concerts. Tickets of admission were difficult to procure; and an incautious Englishman, who told a *valet de place* to get him a ticket at "any price," was more astonished than gratified at having a two-thaler admission ticket purchased for his use for twenty. The angry Briton refused to pay, and law proceedings were being threatened as Σ hastened on his tour. We hope that English interests in the East will not suffer so much by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's withdrawal as his Hellenic admirer surmised:

We had a fellow-traveller at last, an intelligent Greek of Constantinople, who could speak no German, and amused us much with his difficulties in consequence. At his Leipzig hotel they pretended to speak French; but when he asked for an extra blanket, it being intensely cold, they brought him a glass of cold water. He professed to be of the English party in Turkey, and praised Lord Stratford de Redcliffe to the skies. He said that at Constantinople the question was not what any one else wished, but what "Lord Canning wished;" that he rules everything, and that England will suffer if he is recalled, as is now reported.

We cannot help pitying the British Minister at Vienna, who has to pay 1100*l.* per annum for his house out of 5000*l.* salary.

The state of the Austrian finances will appal a political economist:

The bankers here do business oddly. They pay the same rate of exchange for a long as a short bill. The Austrian currency is the strangest possible for such a country. No silver coin circulates above 2*d.*! There are notes as low as 4*d.*! A few years ago, when coin was still more scarce, they used to tear them into four pieces, and circulate each piece! Yet the porter at the hotel objected to change a ten-florin note for me to-day because slightly crushed. Upon, however, hinting that I should easily get change at the Hotel Munsch—which, by the way, is I believe the best hotel here—he changed it at once.

The Austrian bankers and hotel-keepers have, however, one guiding principle which they steadily keep in view, viz., that in the exchange of money the traveller shall invariably be a considerable loser.

We believe that Mr. Gladstone's having written three ponderous volumes "On the Study of Homer" was regarded as one of his main qualifications for duly fulfilling the office of Extraordinary High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands. Yet the natives of these islands may well be indignant that the Gladstonian theory removes the Schæria of Alcinous in the Odyssey to the east of Greece, and does away at once with half the poetical legends attached to the "isles of Greece." Here is a sketch of modern Corinth:

We gradually mounted from the coast to the table-land on which Corinth stands, under the lofty Acro-Corinthos, and which I now saw for the third time, and paid our homage to the seven old Doric columns, which did not look the older for the twenty years added to the 2500 of their existence since I had last seen them. They are now almost the only attraction in the once proud Corinth, once so attractive, that to go to "Corinth" was proverbial of the highest success in life. Thus Horace: "Non cuius homini contingit adire Corinthum"—"not every man can get to Corinth." Most would now fly from it. The town is wretched. I had to try to talk Greek, as neither our driver nor any one else knew Italian, but got on badly enough.

Our author, perhaps wisely, refrains from mentioning what were the attractions of Corinth hinted at by Horace. Queen Amelia of Greece, from our author's incidental notices of her, appears to be one of the most autocratic dames that ever sat on a throne, large or small. Σ gives it as his opinion that the lady in question "is not very interesting nor very feminine."

Had our English schools adopted modern Greek pronunciation, such an excellent Greek scholar as Mr. Gladstone would not have been obliged to address a Greek audience in Italian.

There may be a closer connexion between the Saxon race and the hook-nosed Israelitish denizens of Holywell-street than is generally supposed:

The lady who arrived yesterday with her nephew is an enthusiast about the Jews in a peculiar way, having adopted the views of a relative of hers, who wrote "Our Israelitish Origin," a copy of which she has kindly given me. She regards the English as the descendants of the tribe of Joseph, through the Anglo-Saxons, who came originally from the country near the Caucasus, to which some of the ten tribes were carried away, and whence the inhabitants were removed to occupy Samaria. She considers our high national position as in part a fulfilment of the double blessing promised to Joseph. She says she long thought there was no notice of England in the Bible, and wondered at it, but now sees it all.

We must confess that our powers of vision are very small as compared with those of the enthusiastic lady in question.

We shall look upon a donkey with more respect than we have hitherto, now that the author informs us that in the East 120*l.* has been given for a well-trained asinine quadruped.

Σ does not speak very favourably of the time-serving policy pursued at Malta as evidenced in the appointment of a late Roman Catholic Governor, whose chief qualification or rather non-qualification was his religion.

Our avowed patronage of Romanism in Malta is as disgraceful and unprincipled as is our open support of Paganism in India. There has, however, been a slight compromise since the time that some of our officers refused to salute what Roman Catholics call the Host. They probably would have done better to have resigned their commissions; but this much advantage has arisen, that when a salute is now fired in honour of Popery the reason for it is not assigned to the officer who receives the order. England is, however, just as guilty as ever, and, as a comment upon it, a Bible was burnt in the street last week without hindrance. Toleration of error is just and right, for it is Christian; patronage of it is weak and wicked expediency, and is never successful in the long run.

This little volume gives a great deal of information as to routes, fares, hotels, &c., which cannot but prove most acceptable to any neophyte in travelling who is bound for the East.

LEOLINE, BY QUALLON.

Leoline, and Lyrics of Life. By S. H. BRADBURY ("Quallon"). London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.

THE CHARGE which has been brought against English poets, that they dread the "open-heartedness of a lyric," is least of all true in respect to Mr. Bradbury. As a drama can have no vitality without action, so a lyric can have no life without emotion. A true lyric can never be a minute history of feeling; it has nothing to do with methodic growth of causes and effects; it has no business with the slow compilation of years. To be perfect it can only express one feeling at a time, and that with a unity entirely personal, while its language must be that which is most intense and uppermost. It is because some, if not all, of those conditions have been followed by Mr. Bradbury, that we have frequently placed him, and still place him, among our best lyricists.

Mr. Bradbury has met with a greater meed of praise from the reviewers than usually falls to the lot of a young poet, and that he has deserved it there can be no doubt. We are glad to see that the author of "Leoline" has not stained the limpid current of his muse by the introduction of a satire, which he at first seriously intended. A satire—especially such as was contemplated—would be as much out of place among his beautiful similes as a venomous reptile would be among a knot of lovely flowers. A satire, however truthful and brilliant, could never infuse a drop of the "milk of human kindness" into the gall of a critic who systematically goes out of his path in order to be unjust and savage. The poems, "Leoline, and Lyrics of Life," are so much the better that they do not enshrine the vexations and the hatreds of humanity. Because a critic has snarled we should be sorry to think that Mr. Bradbury could not hear the same sweet music in birds, could not note radiance on earth, or dream over the serenity of heaven! Abundant life, aye, and abounding joy, is to the lyric what the healthy throbbing pulse is to the human creature, and so far Mr. Bradbury has exhibited both. His new volume contains about sixty lyrics which fully sustain, if they do not enhance, the reputation of the poet. We should not be far wrong if we were to say that "Leoline" is the most tenderly sweet poem that ever Mr. Bradbury has penned. The opening stanzas effectually conceal the labours of the poet, while they display the exquisite nicety of art, and the triple rhymes glide into their places like "stringed pearls."

We are much inclined to think that if the whole of the stanzas from p. 25 to p. 29 had been omitted "Leoline" as a poem would have been more compact, and none of its harmony lost. It may be all very true that many who preach the Word of God are proud and worldly-minded, that "crazy ladies" fall in love with curates who grow thin less from sentiment than from small salaries, that Prayer-books are loved more for their gilded covers than for their contents; but facts are not always the best materials for poetry. We should like to have had the innocent and delightful life of Leoline without any moralising on the part of the minstrel. We have often regretted such moralising, such abandonment of progressive story, in Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton and Charles Kingsley; and in the lyric we think it is even less desirable than in the novel. But this, which we do not lay down as a canon of criticism, since after all it may only be a question of taste, in no way affects the delicious melody which "Leoline" as a poem possesses; but if any one should say that it trenches on its harmony, he would not be very far wrong. The more we dip into this poem, "Leoline," the more we discover objects of beauty. The other poems have all the old merit of fresh feeling and chaste fancy, but "Leoline" stands foremost in rich thought. The opening portion is decidedly the best, and we think mainly so because the form of the stanza suits the genius of the poet. The triplet has generally appeared to us simply as a means of showing the facility of rhyming; but Mr. Bradbury has invested it with a new charm, that of musical dignity. We wish the poet had thought it right to continue a stanza in which he so eminently excels. We shall conclude our brief remarks with one extract, which will be ample to show that those triplets are not the mere jingling of bells, but that they are toned with an opulent manliness. Thus of "Leoline":

This breathing wonder brought us love,
We walked through clouds to worlds above,
In the white presence of our dove.

We mused upon the life to be,
Then in its infant mystery,
And gazed, O God, with hope to Thee!

A life now blooming on the earth,
That may have care and hours of mirth,
Creates grave thinking of its worth.

For that life seems to me the best,
In peasant or patrician breast,
With mental strength and peace possess't

All life heroic, sad, or calm,
Stands up before me like the palm,
Sublime in language as a Psalm!

All noble lives once radiant here
Have left us worlds of splendour near,
Thoughts white with fire which ages wear.

The mighty thinkers of the past
Were artists, whose creations last
Time's stroke, as rocks survive each blast!

An Introduction to Early Christian Symbolism: being the description of a series of Fourteen Compositions from Fresco-paintings, Glasses, and Sculptured Sarcophagi. Selected and arranged by WILLIAM PALMER, M.A., late Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford; and painted by Sig. Bossi, of Rome. (Longmans.)—The title-page of this volume gives a fair idea of its purpose. Mr. Palmer intends, on receiving the names of a sufficient number of subscribers (each to pay five guineas), to publish the series of fourteen compositions indicated in this little volume—a series which, we doubt not, will be acceptable to lovers of ecclesiastical art. Mr. Palmer's explanation of the figure of the woman, in Composition B, page 11, appears to us, notwithstanding what he has said, to be open to some objection. We have three appendices to this volume, which explain fac-similes to be published, and these are of no slight interest. The first fac-simile exhibits a blasphemous crucifix scratched on the wall of a bath in the Palace of the Cæsars. It was recently discovered during some excavations on the slope of the Palatine. We have there represented the figure of a man not Roman, and with the head of an ass, on a cross; while a man similarly clothed, and with a head disproportionately large, stands with his arms thrown apart in a mock attitude of prayer and admiration. Mr. Palmer argues that, as Tertullian, who lived in the second century, mentions that in his time the heathen had begun to mock the Christians by representing Christ as a man with an ass's head in a gown, this representation of such mockery probably belongs to the third century. Yet even this blasphemous crucifix establishes two not unimportant points in favour of Christianity. First, against the Arians, it is shown that in the third century the Christians worshipped Christ as their God. Secondly, against the Jews, it is proved that the heathen proclaimed Christ to be their promised Messiah, their King, and their God; as it was a long-established mockery among the heathen to pretend that the King of the Jews was an ass, or had an ass's head. The other two appendices describe each four paintings, copied from the tombs of a woman named Vibia and a man named Caricus in the Gnostic cemetery, and are both extremely interesting, as throwing no small light upon the Gnostic heresy.

Smooth Stones taken from Ancient Brooks. By the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON. (W. H. Collingridge.) pp. 296.—The remarkably silly and jejune joke attempted in the title to this little collection of extracts from the writings of Mr. Thomas Brooks (a Puritan preacher contemporary with Baxter) is the worst thing connected with this little volume. The passages given as smooth stones are sometimes very inferior pebbles, which, although very well fitted to take their place in an ordinary gravel walk, are scarcely worth taking up to mount in a setting, however cheap and mean; still some of them are undoubtedly of better quality, and we have no doubt that they have already done good service to the self-satisfied-looking apostle of the Surrey Gardens, whose smug and oily countenance decorates the title-page. We cannot exactly see the force of such a figure as, "As the bird hops from twig to twig, so do riches hop from man to man;" nor can we agree with even "Ancient Brooks" in believing that the fact that ducks turn their bills up after drinking is an indication of their gratitude to heaven. This, however, is the kind of stuff which authorises Mr. Spurgeon to tell us in his preface that "as a writer, Brooks scatters stars with both his hands; he hath dust of gold; in his storehouse are all manner of precious stones." But why did Mr. Spurgeon write this preface; why is his name set upon the title-page; why does he, in questionable shape, adorn the frontispiece; and why have we a still more abominable vignette entitled "Birthplace of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon." As the aforesaid abominable vignette consists of a formal representation of seven houses and a piggery, one is naturally tempted to inquire—Which?

A Letter to Americans in Europe. By A COUNTRYMAN. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)—We have taken the pains to read this pamphlet through simply in consequence of its being very short; but we cannot say that we are at all the wiser for having done so. The author, in language somewhat coarse though vigorous, undertakes to prove to his countrymen that America whips creation. He bestows some well-deserved raps upon several notorious Yankee failings, but reserves all his heavy artillery for the worn-out countries of Europe. "Are not our [American] failings," he asks, "devilish as they may be, of a character to be removed by a single election?" The writer takes it for granted that no American in his senses would care to exchange the stripes and stars for the flags of Russia or Austria; and then proceeds to institute a comparison between America and England and France. England is the sole stay of slavery throughout the world. She is utterly weighed down by debt; and retains—though only for a few months longer—her colonies, "by the one single tie of the pride in old institutions." The American is still harder on France. Frenchmen are nearly all revolutionists and dishonest; they "look upon truth as a simple attribute of fools." The writer speaks with a bestial coarseness of some personal characteristics which he is pleased to ascribe to our Gallic neighbours. We trust the world is not quite so bad as the writer of this pamphlet seems to imagine; and there appears to us to be not a little "envy, hatred, and malice" in the consolation which the exaggerated failings of European nations appear to afford the American.

Guide to the Ruins of Uriconium at Wrozteter. By THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq., M.A., F.S.A. (Shrewsbury: J. O. Sandford. London: Kent and Co.) pp. 92.—This little brochure is especially intended for the use of such persons as prefer trustworthy information in print to the garrulous bad English of the ordinary country cicerone, whose only claim in general to holding that office is that he has been born in the vicinity of the ruins or excavations which he so glibly lectures upon. Mr. Wright gives a clear and concise statement of everything that has been hitherto done in bringing to light our English Pompeii, which town appears—to use a phrase of the late Lord Dudley—to have been potted by antiquity for the special use of Britons of the nineteenth century. To this volume some interesting plates are appended, representing various localities in the resuscitated town, as well as fragments of Samian ware, cinerary urns, rings, combs, and hairpins, and, lastly, the ill-shaped skulls which have excited such controversy among antiquaries. Mr. Wright's name affixed to this

volume is a sufficient guarantee for the general correctness of the antiquarian lore given in these pages.

An Introduction to the Evidences of Christianity. By J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq., F.R.S. Second Edition. (Longmans.) pp. 192.—This essay on the evidences of Christianity differs from the majority of those heretofore published, by deriving its arguments from general history, and not from revelation. Even in these days there are many persons who would prefer the authority of heathen authors such as Suetonius, Tacitus, Pliny, &c., to that of the early Christian writers; not because they suppose the works of the former to be more genuine, but that, as coming from persons hostile, or at least not friendly, to Christianity, they cannot lie under any suspicion of partisanship. This kind of testimony Mr. Halliwell has chosen as the groundwork of his treatise; and he has stated these historical evidences of Christianity so clearly and elegantly, that, notwithstanding the multitude of books which have been already written on this subject, we cannot consider the present little volume *de trop*. It may, and probably will, do good service in the cause of Christianity.

The Northumbrian Abbots: a Tale of the Seventh Century. By R. B. WARBURTON. (Saunders, Otley, & Co.) pp. 188.—We confess we can scarcely see how this little volume fulfils the somewhat magniloquently-expressed intention of its editor "to illustrate the principles of humanity's social organisation, and suggest their identity with the higher Christian dogmas." As giving a description of the state of Christianity in England in the seventh century, and touching upon some of its peculiar tenets and doctrines, it is interesting enough; and we have not been able to detect any anachronisms. Sometimes, however, the writer appears to imagine that he gives his personages when conversing an air of antiquity by putting into their mouths non-existing words and expressions, such as "westerling sun," &c. The description of the shipwreck in these pages is written with considerable vigour and beauty.

The Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland. Vol. XVII. Part I. (John W. Parker and Son.)—There are several very interesting articles in this number of the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, though want of space will only allow us to indicate two or three of them. The opening article, by Lieut. Fry, the acting Government agent in the Hill tracts of Orissa, gives a very remarkable description of some hill tribes. Lieut. Fry does not, on the whole, draw a very fascinating picture of these semi-barbarians; sensual, grasping, and addicted to drunkenness, as they are, the reader feels much less interest in the actors themselves than in some of their habits and customs, which bear the marks of great antiquity, and even occasionally of almost Homeric simplicity. The second paper, on the "Chronology of the Medes from the reign of Deioces to the reign of Darius the Mede," will be especially interesting to careful readers of Herodotus. The Indian travels of Apollonius of Tyana furnish a most delightful paper. Mr. Priaux takes Philostratus's life of the philosopher of Tyana, and gives a condensed translation of it, adding many scholarlike notes and observations of his own. Whether Apollonius ever really visited India is a point more than doubtful. Philostratus professes to have drawn his materials from the note-book of Damis, the friend and companion of Apollonius. The former in these Indian travels fulfils the functions of a Boswell, and notes down every incident with a more than Boswellian accuracy. Yet, whether Damis's note-book is a figment, and Philostratus drew upon his imagination for anecdotes and incidents, it cannot be denied that there is very much to interest and amuse in his "Indian travels." Mr. Thomas's paper "On the Coins of the Kings of Ghazni" will be acceptable to Oriental scholars.

The *Englishwoman's Journal* for August contains an opening paper "On Things in General," Biographical Notices of the Princess Marie of Orleans, Christina of Pisa, and "Women of the House of Montefeltro." We have also "the Second Annual Report of the Ladies' National Association for the Diffusion of Sanitary Knowledge." The committee inform us that they have distributed 32,500 copies of tracts on various subjects, such as "The evils of perambulators," "The evils of wet-nursing," "Why do not women swim?" &c. &c. To this latter query we can only answer "Why." We have some lines from Miss Isa Craig, entitled "A Dream of Death;" followed by "Right or Wrong," and "The Manchester and Salford Reformatory." The letters in the "Open Council" we have read with much interest. There is, we are afraid, a good deal of truth in the letter signed "E. H.," but we trust men's hands are not directed quite so heavily against employing women as the writer seems to imply. Let only women work on patiently, perseveringly, and not noisily, and in the end their success is certain.

We have also received: *Routledge's Illustrated Natural History.* By the Rev. J. G. Wood. Part V. (Routledge.)—Containing the order *Felidae*, and giving admirable descriptions and illustrations of the wild cat, the domestic puss (of whom are narrated many pleasant little anecdotes), the Maux and Angola cats, the chaus, the Caffre cat, the caracal, the European, Southern Canadian, and booted lynxes, the chetah, the hyænas, the Aard-wolf, the civet, zibeth, tangalung, rasse, delundung, blotched, pale, and amer gennett, cacomixle, banded wungous, garangan, and ichneumon. —A Third Edition of the *Secular Early Lesson-Book for Adult and other Schools.* By C. W. Jones, M.A. (Longmans.)—*Proposed Ship-Railway across the Isthmus of Suez.* By J. Brunlees and E. B. Webb. (Reed and Pardon.)—A pamphlet setting forth the details of a plan for getting over all the difficulties of M. de Lesseps' Isthmus of Suez scheme, and transporting not only the traffic, but the vessels themselves, over the Isthmus by means of a railway. —A second edition of *Hydropony, or Hygienic Medicine.* By Edward Lane, M.D. (Churchill.)—A new Edition of *After Dark.* By Wilkie Collins. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)—A pleasant collection of tales reprinted from *Household Words*.—Parts 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, and 34 of *The Imperial Atlas of Modern Geography.* (Blackie and Sons.)—*The Peace of Villafranca.* By G. F. Avesani. (Jeffs.)—Parts IX. and X. of *Beeton's Dictionary of Universal Information.* (S. O. Beeton.)—Vol. IV. of *The Poetical Works of Edmund Spenser.* Edited by the Rev. George Gilfillan. (Edinburgh: James Nichol. London: J. Nisbet and Co.)—*The Parents' Cabinet of Amusement and Instruction.* A new edition. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

SYMBOLISM OF THE HUMAN FORM.

Symbolik der Menschlichen Gestalt. (Symbolism of the Human Form.)
By CHARLES GUSTAVUS CARUS. Leipsic: Brockhaus.

NOTWITHSTANDING the denunciation of science by the small poetasters, it sometimes seems as if we were to be indebted to it for a restoration of poetry. When science gathers together and groups it is invariably poetical; it is only when it dissects too keenly, and thinks the severed tail of a tadpole of more importance than the unsevered tail of a constellation, that it takes us into a region where there is no water—not to speak of wine—and where nothing but thorny bushes and tamarisk shrubs grow. Science is either a desolate steppe leading to the grandest mountains and the most fruitful valleys, or it is those mountains and valleys themselves. Let us accompany Dr. Carus, and we shall find science to be no wandering in the wilderness, but a tent in Cashmere under which thought is the rainbowed gladness of holiest dreams.

In the present work Dr. Carus has given a second and enlarged edition of his "Symbolism of the Human Form;" and we advise all to read it to whom science and poetry alike are dear. There is no richer, more suggestive study than that of symbolism; but symbolism has been confounded with a meagre, mechanical doctrine of types with which it wrathfully disclaims affinity or alliance. Symbolism, in its profoundest, most pregnant sense, is the spontaneous phantasy of the Infinite God. But to bind God to types would be as absurd and impious as to bind Him to law. Yet how prone men are in these days to do both under the pretence of ardent adoration! With the universe as the symbol of the Unseen all symbolism begins. Creation is not alone the utterance of life; it is the embodiment of an ideal. But, as the ideal can no more be completely embodied than the life can be fully uttered, we try to compensate by symbolism for the defect; that is to say, we establish an immense and stupendous system of correspondences, which, climbing from the lowliest flower, from the blade of grass which is too humble to be touched by the breeze, stops not till mysteries rise black and impenetrable behind the starry wall. Learned men have written on the etymology of Symbol. The etymology is sufficiently interesting, as indeed etymology altogether has an interest and an import which the etymologists themselves seldom suspect. But the etymology does not greatly concern us here. It is enough that we enter into the essential meaning of Symbol poetically, philosophically, religiously. This is not so easy for us as for those whose whole culture, as among the Greeks, took a symbolical garb. Our modern existence forgets too much that truth has nowhere a home so divine as in the temple of beauty. In the Roman Catholic Church there has always been a kind of coarse symbolism, but the main intention of symbolism was lost sight of; which is to lead the heart through the imagination from the sensuous to the spiritual—whereas the tendency of symbolism in the Roman Catholic Church has too often been to render the spiritual sensuous. This cannot astonish us if we consider that that Church, even when sincerest and purest, always sought more to establish its own power than to edify and elevate the people.

With symbolism the Protestant Churches systematically, fanatically war, to their own exceeding loss. Even the Cross, the symbol of the redemption in which they profess to believe, they fiercely spurn; though surely the Cross, visibly, tangibly before the worshipper, would have an infinitely more hallowing effect than the hideous pictures of the crucifixion which the charlatans of the Conventicle draw. No doctrine has been so tragically spoiled of its grandeur as that of immortality through the decay of symbolism, or rather through its absence. Needing the ten thousand wings of symbolism to bear it up sphere above sphere: it now, stripped down from a heathy hill on a military funeral in a cemetery where almost daily some poor soldier finds a final resting place. Close and regular as the ranks of soldiers in the battle-field ere the conflict begins are the long lines of nameless graves. No mother, no wife, no sister, no daughter can weep there without seeming to weep for the hundreds sleeping around whom the hospital has mowed down, for there is no monument to distinguish one little mound from another. Slowly, solemnly did the companions of the dead man march; slowly, solemnly did the sublimest music hush their souls into concord with their steps; slowly, solemnly, as if reluctant to leave the warm sunshine and the bright sky, sank the coffin into that dark bosom of the earth which we at first dread as a contrast to our joys, but for which we at last hunger as a refuge from our sorrows. Our tears fell on the wild thyme at our feet, a mournful payment for the odour which it was giving us unsought and ungrudged. But how much more impressive the scene if peopled with the symbols by which the ancients sought to disarm death and to consecrate and gladden immortality! Symbols indeed there were—but God had furnished them. Travelling from the calm abode of the departed brave, the eye beheld many a clustering sheaf of the rich ripe corn, which had just been cut. Two harvests were side by side; and the more cheerful one took away all gloom from the other.

The grain which had been reaped was the symbol of an imperishable food. It spake to us of the life through destruction which is ceaseless in the universe. It spake to us of Him who sends forth every reaper whatsoever he has to reap. It spake to us consolingly of the eternal harvest home.

They to whom the works of Richter are a treasure, a delight, and a repast which they would vainly seek for in any other modern writer, must remember his numerous allusions, some deeply touching, some incomparably grand, to immortality. Such allusions will enable them to understand the difference between immortality as the most abounding and admirable subject for symbolical adornment, and immortality as a hard, prosaic, Utilitarian dogma. But symbolism, however divine in itself, however needful for men, can no more be artificially created than poetry and religion, of which it forms an indispensable part. The more a thing is of Heaven, the more it is a growth and not a manufacture. Ours is the age of industrial achievement, of miraculous industrial victory. And industrialism rushes straight to its object. It has made for itself a philosophy, which it calls Positivism, and of which it is supremely proud. It is the boast of Positivism that it has dethroned the invisible; and the invisible dethroned, symbolism is impossible. To denounce this poor age of ours is profitless; it may even be unjust; it has to get through as best it can the labour appointed it, like more godlike ages that have gone before. It is unavoidably without feund force, because its task is arid; it cultivates no new domain of thought or effort to enrich or ennoble humanity; but it is the great roadmaker of the future; it macadamises the intellect of our race. Yet, strangely enough, industrialism, though hostile to the symbolic, will prove, and that speedily, the regenerator of Symbol. Industrialism does not venerate science, but it demands the help of science from egoistic impulse and for practical purposes. Science is its mighty agent, and that it may be a still mightier agent it promotes science. Hereby science is driven to a productivity which will ultimately astonish both the slaves of industrialism and the believers in positivism; it is lashed into a wild convulsive vitality, not its own, but in the highest degree favourable to that synthetic idea which ruled the ancients, which was the source of their superiority, the inspiration of their most memorable enterprises, and the absence of which we are obliged to supply by a false conservatism, half fear, half tyranny, and whose guardian is not a heroic chivalry, but the truncheon of the policeman.

In truth, the synthetic idea and a naturally organic—that is, a naturally conservative community—are identical. Now the analytic idea which has for so many centuries ruled Europe clamours at last in despair at the havoc itself has spread, for that horrible despotism which converts Europe into one vast dungeon whereinto valour cannot break nor pity pierce. Recent events in a land eminently lovely, and among a people eminently gifted, are a commentary on these words—a confirmation of them. Politics can here do nothing, and a million martyrdoms are no less impotent. There must be a resurrection of the synthetic organic idea, which, by slaying the chronic anarchy that is the torment and the curse of our modern life, would dispense with jailers on thrones. A truly great conservative party would be the salvation of England—the salvation of the world; and, spite of our dislike to party names and party bondage, we should be the foremost to join it. But the only conservative idea is the synthetic idea; and till the synthetic idea gains sway conservatism is just as arrant a quackery as liberalism. Synthesis is creation; and to create is to conserve. Now, stimulated by industrialism, science is entering, and especially in chemical combinations, on an immense career of synthesis. Electricity also, which is daily revealing and accomplishing such marvels, is instinctively, irresistibly synthetic. It is still more astonishing that anatomy, once among the most analytic, should now be among the most synthetic of sciences. If evidence were needed, it may be found in this book by Dr. Carus, which has sprung from the most recent anatomical discoveries. Comparative anatomy was a triumph of synthesis: nothing was thenceforth to be regarded in itself and divorced from its resemblances and relations. But is not that a triumph far more fruitful, interesting, and glorious, when whatsoever God hath filled with animal life is regarded as showing a psychical signature, lower or loftier? In man, of course, this signature is the most conspicuous, and deserves best to be studied; and when it is studied in man, the fact that man was made in the image of God is seen in a light altogether new. Chiromancy, physiognomik, phrenology, and the like, were not so false in themselves as erroneous in taking a part for the whole and in confounding the sign with the thing signified. It is not that this or that determines the character, or that this or that isolated is expressive of the character, but that the character, in harmony with itself, with the race to which it belongs, and with the infinite universe, both as a reality and an ideal, must thus or thus be fashioned.

This is no fanciful theory, no paradox, as some disdainfully or superficially suppose. No statement can be corroborated and illustrated by a larger array of examples, by details minuter,

more copious, more harmonious. Many shrank from phrenology, and with reason, as leading to materialism and fatalism. But the symbolism of the human form, as a portion of a wider and more stupendous symbolism, conducts to the very opposite result. There is an end of fatalism and of materialism too, when we accustom ourselves to behold each individuality working from within, and stamping its impress on the outward. Here it is not the seen, but the unseen, which we continually recognise and reverence. But the symbolism of the human form to have its utmost value and suggestiveness ought to be founded on ontological principles. No glimpse of these do we find in this volume. One of the most important ontological principles is that form is the intensification of life; proportion is therefore life in its compactest shape. The human body is a miracle of proportion, because it is a miracle of compactness. Now, if Dr. Carus had been thoroughly penetrated by this one ontological principle, he could not have favoured the revolting heresy of the typologists, which, dissatisfied with the works of God while pretending to admire them, sees everywhere imperfection or excess.

Some writers of a bygone day have said that men once had tails; the typologists tell us that man has still the rudiment of a tail. The conclusion is, that in her effort to give him a tail nature was thwarted. In the millennium which some silly people are so fond of predicting, a grand development of tails will perhaps be a luxury and an emblem of spiritual excellence. Because some human monsters are born, not with two legs, but with a loathsome blending of these limbs into one, we are to believe, according to Dr. Carus, that the under-jaw is something of the same kind. Why not say that man's nose is a rudimentary trunk, and that, therefore, in this respect, the elephant is the more perfect. We have had too much of this rubbish about rudimentalism, which degrades a singularly poetical science. It is as a poetical science, with potent religious tendencies, that we recommend symbolism. But it has also its utility. Painters and sculptors, from ignorance of symbolism, often overlook, in representing the human form, the necessary expression and the necessary correspondence. A man of a womanish character will have womanish features; but if the face is womanish, be sure that in the rest of the body the vigorous angularity of a man will also be softened away. Suppose that we wanted, either on canvas or in marble, to create a saint speaking eloquently to the beholder of a woman's affectionateness and of a child's innocence, there would be a sin against art if there were not a voluptuous roundness of outline notable in woman, and a countenance in which nothing was prominent notable in a child. The attempt to paint Christ will always fail, because art is powerless before an ideal so divine. But artists, even if they could approach this ideal, would still be sure to blunder, from the stupid and audacious desire to crowd together things totally incompatible. Perhaps Mr. Ruskin and his school would be more usefully occupied in calling the attention of artists to the symbolism of the human form, such as Dr. Carus admirably expounds it, than in merely rhapsodising, or in abusing those who do not accept their rhapsodies as oracles. The wisdom to be learned from the book and its philosophy is that nature is the most livingly real to him to whom as an ideal it is most living.

ARTICUS.

FRANCE.

Notes from Paris on Literature, Art, the Drama, &c.

Paris, August 10.

THE HISTORIAN, and the student in religious history, will welcome a volume just ready for publication by Durand, of Paris, namely, "The History of the Political Assemblies of the Protestants of France," by Léonce Anquez, Professor of History at the Lycée Saint Louis, in this city. The author embraces in his work the period from 1573 to 1622, and he divides it into three epochs; the first beginning at the conclusion of the peace of La Rochelle, and ending with the promulgation of the Edict of Nantes; the second bringing down the narrative to the establishment of the general deputation in 1601; and the third terminating with the suppression of the Political Assemblies by the treaty of Montpellier; embracing, consequently, the history of the fourth religious war in France, caused by the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, the most atrocious act of that most wicked woman Catherine de Medicis.

The two edicts of Nantes and the siege of Montpellier form of course the prominent features in M. Anquez's history, and in the latter the intervention of James I. of England furnishes a noticeable incident. The whole period embraced in the work is not quite fifty years; but the progress made during that time in establishing liberty of conscience and the right of every man to worship God after his own manner was perhaps, after all, greater than was to be expected from the condition of political knowledge during the age in which these transactions occurred. The history of these events shows how futile is persecution in religious matters, and the consideration of it, in connection with more recent events appertaining to the same subject, proves how much less religious reformers have to fear from open opposition than from the insidious working of a dominant opposing priesthood.

This history, like all others, whether religious or political, tends to increase our respect for the general character of Henry IV., and, by a comparison of his conduct towards his subjects with that subsequently pursued by Louis XIV., to lower the estimate of the abilities as well as the intentions of the Grand Monarque.

M. Anquez has performed his task in the spirit of an impartial historian. He is not the eulogist, but the elucidator, of the men whose acts he records; he has evidently studied his subject conscientiously, and he aids others in pursuing it by his clear and vigorous narrative as well as by the

care with which he has quoted his authorities. His history has done something to throw light upon the early struggles of the Protestants of France, and it is to be hoped also that he has contributed towards that knowledge which will, as men's minds in France become more enlightened as to the nature of the Church which stands between the people and the development of their moral dignity and freedom emancipate, France from the thralldom of priests, and raise religion from a soul-crushing dogma to a rational and elevating belief, first jealously examined, and afterwards firmly maintained; for of all the wants that press upon the French people there is none so terrible or so difficult to remedy as that fatal absence of independent thought which reduces a nation, no matter what be its attainments in other respects, to be the slave at once of a religious as well as of a military despotism.

The work includes an appendix of curious documents relative to the oaths, forms, and regulations of the various assemblies, and the secret articles of the edicts; and also a map of the departments created by the Assembly of La Rochelle of 1621, with the strongholds of the Protestants during the period included between the years 1598 and 1622.

A translation of a droll book, written in Russ, by the late Nicholas Gogol, who died in 1848, entitled "Les Ames Mortes," and put into French by M. Ernest Charrière, has just been published. In Russia the serfs are called *souls*; and for each living soul his proprietor has to pay a certain tax to the Government. Sometimes, however, by means of official jugglery, the names of the poor defunct slaves are retained on the tax list, and these are the "dead souls" of the title, which may be fairly paraphrased by the expression "administrative rascality." Nicholas Gogol was not a brilliant or an elegant writer, but he enjoyed immense notoriety in his own country. He described his native Russia as the home of all the vices, the meanest of the mean, and he created thereby a great ferment in his dear countrymen's minds. One party accused him of calumniating hideously the country he professed to paint; another admitted that the portrait was a likeness, but wretchedly painted. The hero of the book is a swindling vagabond, who takes advantage of the Government trick, and borrows money upon the papers describing the dead serfs. The style and humour of Nicholas Gogol are of the most primitive kind, and it is surprising that any one should have taken the trouble to translate such a work; but now that it is put into a civilised tongue it will repay perusal, for it treats of a little known subject in a previously unknown style.

The annual distribution of prizes amongst dramatic students lately took place at the Conservatoire, when a young lady bearing the English name of Smith, a pupil of Mlle. Brohan, the admirable *Suzanne* of the Théâtre Français, and successor of Rachel in the professorship of elocution at the Academy, obtained the second prize in tragedy—no first prize being awarded either in the male or female class—and divided the first prize in comedy with a competitor. The number of students for the theatre may be inferred from the fact that two male and three female pupils received prizes or honourable mention in tragedy, and one male and eight female in comedy. All the students, besides attending the courses of study at the Conservatoire, are pupils of eminent actors; of whom Regnier, Provost, Beauvallet, and Mlle. Brohan, seem in the greatest request as teachers. It is this system which produces at once so many fair actors, and at the same time so much artificiality and imitativeness on the French stage, and so few original performers. The passive obedience system, denounced by M. Corbon for the working classes, reigns unfortunately far too much in dramatic education here. He is a bold actor indeed who for the first ten years of his dramatic career would dare to depart from any one of the traditions of the Comédie Française.

The Abbé Cochet has addressed a report to the Archæological Society of the Eure, giving an account of some further Roman antiquities recently discovered at the village of Pitres. At the depth of between 3 and 4 feet below the surface of the soil he found the remains of an edifice of from 6 to 8 metres square. These remains appear to be of a room which was heated by a stove; in the north-east side is a circular recess, and in the south-west angle a round tunnel. The remains indicate that the room was richly decorated. The walls, of great thickness, are of the stone similar to that employed in the remains of Roman houses at Rouen, Lillebonne, and Etretat. The part of the stove where the fire must have been lighted was lined with flat tiles. Flues of baked earth extended from the stove to the walls, and were carried beneath the floor to the walls on the opposite side; they were fastened to the walls by means of iron cramps, some of which still remain. The floor is in flags of freestone, fastened with cement. In the ruins were found several fragments of antique vases, pieces of thick flat glass, various personal ornaments, and among them an ear-ring ornamented with a green stone; several bronze coins—one of Marcus Aurelius, pierced, to be suspended to a collar or a bracelet; ten pins made of bone, one bearing a human head; a fragment of a bracelet in jade; and lastly, fragments of a table in white marble with red veins.

That the dullness of the theatres during the past month was no invention of idle reporters who wished to escape from the tedium of their routine duties for a time, is evinced by the returns just issued of the receipts at the theatres and other places of public entertainment in Paris for the month of July. The sum total does not look absolutely small, being upwards of 462,000*fr.*; but when compared with that taken during the same month last year, nearly 719,000*fr.*, the reduction is remarkable. It is said that the month of August has commenced well; but, as the heat is just now nearly as great as ever, and as there are scarcely any good pieces being acted, and few good actors left in Paris, the statement is rather questionable. The little chance that managers see of full houses, or rather of anything but empty ones, is proved in the case of the Porte St. Martin—which, by the way, has been secured to its present active director for another term of twelve years—where "Jack Sheppard" has been once more revived, being now past the two hundredth night of its representation. A new five-act comedy, entitled "Les Honnêtes Femmes," has been produced at the Vaudeville, but its success has not been particularly marked, and therefore it will keep until the weather is a little more temperate.

THE DRAMA, ART, MUSIC, SCIENCE, &c.

THE DRAMA.

THE FIRST SEASON of the New Adelphi closed last Saturday evening, when Mr. Webster produced a new little one-act piece, entitled "One Touch of Nature," which he candidly announced as from the French; thus disarming our critical wrath, for our objection has never been to the pieces, but to the gross deception and meanness of pretending originality where it did not exist. This little drama was worth importing, as it enabled Mr. Webster to give a sample of his character-acting (that is, careful and delicate personation), and he has never been more successful. He has to represent a decayed, broken-spirited old tailor, whose pretty wife having eloped from him, taking with her his only child, a daughter, has left him lonely and distraught to wander up and down the world, in a vain hope of meeting his child. The mother dies, and gives no other clue to the daughter than that she has grown up exactly like her in person, and thus he may know her. At the opening of the drama he is living by copying for a theatre, and brings home the copy of a piece to a young dramatist in which there is the discovery of a father and daughter. It is gradually revealed that the chief actress, who is to enact the daughter, is the child of the old man, and he has discovered that such is the case. He hesitates, however, to make himself known, for the actress is gay, successful, rich, and surrounded by admirers, and she may not like to have a poverty-stricken father. He contents himself (in a very French way) with buying her bouquets out of his miserable pittance, and kissing her shawl. The actress comes to the lodgings of the dramatist (again not an English custom), to rehearse the scene of the discovery, the truthful utterance of which she can by no means accomplish. The old man hears her abortive attempts, and is so imbued with the reality of the situation, that he undertakes to instruct her in the true utterance of the emotion; and in so doing he revives in her mind early memories and works on her feelings, and gradually informs her of the real state of facts, when she rushes into his arms, ejaculating "My father!" from the actual emotion; this being "the One Touch of Nature" which gives name to the play. This is all highly artificial, and we must add, without national prejudice, French. This playing with the deepest feelings of our nature—this doubling back, as it were, on our own emotions, and observing their dramatic effect whilst we suffer them—is foreign to our single-minded race, whose emotions are involuntary, and who are, to a certain extent, ashamed of them directly they begin to be conscious of them. This marketing of our emotions we designate humbug; and yet such is the force of national habit, that our French neighbours undoubtedly can do so, and yet retain strong and genuine feelings. The most notorious instance of this theatrical mania we recollect is that related by Mme. Genlis of herself. She coolly tells us that an affectionate husband and wife, who were to meet after a ten years' absence, were kept apart, unknown to each other, two days in her house, whilst she contrived a little drama in which they should meet with a surprise. Such folly and trifling with real affection seems inexplicable to our sober heads and hearts. It may, however, excuse the plot of this little drama, which is most skilfully contrived to weld the real feeling into the theatrical. The only thing, however, that saves it with an English audience is Mr. Webster's admirable enactment of the father. We all of us, alas! know how easy it is to perform the common view of such a part, whether it is in a room entertainment or in a pantomime—sallow face, shabby clothes, tottering gait, exaggerated ejaculations, mock weeping, &c.; and we all of us know how wearied we are with the coarse caricature. But Mr. Webster's is the picture of a master; there is nothing conscious, nothing loud in it. It is as delicate as a Rembrandt portrait, and equally forcible. The trepidation is not cringing, the misery is not violent; the action is all through kept in a true key, and the deep emotion when it comes is tempered with the nicest taste. This is true and fine acting, and deserves the utmost admiration, and the character will doubtless become one of Mr. Webster's most popular representations. Mr. Billington and Miss Harriet Simms acted the young dramatic author and the popular actress very well, and Mr. Eburne and Mr. Morley two subordinate and unnecessary parts very badly.

Although the regular season closed on Saturday, on Monday the theatre was reopened by the principal performers, who revived one of the old genuine Adelphi dramas, "The Flowers of the Forest." Whether this is a judicious step backwards remains to be proved. We do not think it will in the main prove successful. Nothing so rapidly changes its fashion as the lighter portions of the drama. What was thought poetical, heroic, clever, smart, and effective ten years since, seems to the altered audience of to-day fustian, humbug, clumsy and dull. There are many reasons for this, which it would carry us too far into metaphysics to elucidate; suffice it to say, as the children of one generation are not interested in the story-books of a previous generation, so it is with the successive audiences of a theatre. Taste (that undefinable essence) rapidly varies, and as it is despotic in such matters, it conclusively pronounces and decides. The difference of the acting may have something to do with this, but not much. On Monday evening the substitutions for the original performers were not successful. Mrs. Billington is a steady melodramatic actress; but Mme. Celeste had a genius for these fustian parts, and imparted an ideality to them that can never be repeated. Mrs. Fitzwilliam had, in a much less degree, somewhat of the same power; and though Miss Kelly was agreeable, and showed some talent, still it was a very short-coming portrait of *Starlight Bess*. Mr. Toole is a very amusing actor, but produced little effect in *Cheap Jack*. Mr. Billington was quite equal to his predecessor, for all walking gentlemen are much alike. Mr. T. Stuart certainly did not equal O. Smith as *Ishmael*; nor was Mr. Garden particularly effective as *Pharos*. But our theory of the non-effect of revivals is carried out by the continued performance of Miss Woolgar

(Mrs. Mellon) in her original part of *Lemuel* the gipsy boy, and Mr. Paul Bedford as *The Kinchin*. These no longer produced their effect. The breathless interest, the deep emotion at the sufferings of the boy who has committed the murder, were no longer perceptible. Mrs. Mellon's efforts were as great and as artistic as ever; but somehow the interest had evaporated, and it seemed to be felt that there was a great deal of spasmodic energy thrown away. *The Kinchin* was regarded as a monster, and not a funny one. No! such mixed pieces, like highly-seasoned dishes, will only bear serving up whilst hot, and whilst they retain the fleeting flavour imparted to them by the genius of the cook. Theatrical taste and appreciation are volatile and insoluble essences, and can scarcely ever endure a revival.

At the Haymarket on Monday a very young lady appeared as *Miss Leslie* in the old farce of "A Nabob for an Hour." She is, for her age, what is termed a fine-grown girl, and, though totally without stage art, has a figure, voice, and appearance that practice will doubtless mould into efficiency. Mr. Chippendale played *Sam Hobbs*, the exciseman transposed into the Nabob of an hour, with such broad humour as to send the gallery into fits of laughter. The farce is in itself a very poor affair, but it amused a not over full house.

ART AND ARTISTS.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE *Morning Advertiser*, commenting upon the prices paid for the works of painters who were suffered to live in poverty when alive, says: "At Lord Northwick's sale a picture by Patrick Nasmyth brought seven hundred and fifty pounds. Poor Patrick never made more than sixty pounds a year! This picture, full of beauties, was the labour of a fortnight. 'Genius and its rewards' are briefly told." Patrick sleeps in Lambeth churchyard.

It seems scarcely worth while to dwell upon such a trifle, but we cannot help noticing that the *Athenaeum*, with consistent obstinacy, refuses to be corrected in the matter of Mr. Maclise's testimonial. It was called a pencil-case, and not a port-crayon, because "authors of dictionaries translate *port-crayon* into *pencil-case*." To those who only understand "dictionary French" this may appear specious enough, but it is no more true than the original statement. The word signifies not only a pencil-case, but also a case or handle to hold chalk, which is a very different implement from a pencil-case, and it is used in studios and by artists' colourmen to signify that implement. Let the writer in our contemporary go to Messrs. Rowney's and ask for a "port-crayon." He will get something very unlike a pencil-case.

The exhibition of the prizes of the Art Union of London was thrown open to the public on Monday, at Suffolk-street. There are in all a hundred and thirty-six works, of which eighty-five are oil pictures, and twenty-one water-colour drawings. The remainder are reduced figures, groups and bas-reliefs in terra cotta, parian, and bronze. To say that in all this mass of "art" there is not a first nor even a second-class work would be to use the most obvious platitude. This, however, is not the fault of the subscribers' tastes, but of the monstrously absurd system adopted by the Art Union, the reform of which was the main object of the meeting in the Haymarket. So long as the drawing for prizes takes place after the opening of the galleries, and the winners of prizes are compelled to restrict their choice to the unsold pictures in the galleries, just so long will they have to content themselves with the very sweepings and refuse of the annual exhibitions. It is notorious that most of the best pictures are sold before ever they get upon the walls; and within a week of the opening very few good pictures indeed have escaped the searching ken of the dealers and private buyers. What chance, then, has a poor Art Union subscriber, who comes with his prize-money into the market, not only long after the harvest is over, but after the gleaners have cleared away every head of corn that is worth having?

The meeting summoned by Messrs. Bell Smith and Thomas Roberts, "in consequence of the general feeling of dissatisfaction which has been expressed by a large body of artists at the very inadequate sum devoted to the purchase of pictures by the council of the Art Union of London," was held at No. 4, Haymarket, on Friday night; Mr. Hurlstone, President of the Society of British Artists, in the chair. Mr. Hurlstone briefly explained the nature of the general feeling as regarded the recent action of the council of the Art Union, the object of which body was twofold, namely, the encouragement of art, and the diffusion of taste amongst the public. The sum devoted to the diffusion of art was utterly insufficient; and as to the dissemination of taste among the public, he had only to mention that one subscriber in 145 obtained a prize. Out of the very large income of the society, there was only 2700*l.* devoted to this purpose. There was, therefore, sufficient grounds to present a remonstrance to the committee of the Art Union. The small amount set apart for the purchase of pictures proved that the object of the Art Union was not carried out. The liberality of the public was, therefore, thrown away, and that could only be attributed to mismanagement arising from the absence of artists from the Executive Government of the Art Union. They had met to adopt a plan to ameliorate the present condition of things, and, independently of that numerous meeting, the honorary secretary had received nearly a hundred letters in furtherance of the object.—Mr. Bell Smith said that there was an impression that it was intended to supplant the Art Union of London, but they had no such intention. The object of that society was clear from its early reports. It was to encourage artists and to disseminate a taste for art. They would see, from a comparison of what had been done in earlier years with the proceedings of later years, how sadly the society had fallen short of its original object. "In 1842 the sum subscribed by the public amounted to 12,905*l.* and the sum devoted to pictures was 9,800*l.* The two following years the figures were nearly in the same proportion, but in the year 1859 the sum subscribed was 15,210*l.*, but only 2700*l.* was expended in pictures. The two previous years exhibited nearly the same figures. The artists were bound in self-defence to take some steps for securing their own rights. It was intended to get up a remonstrance to the council of the Art Union, but upon consideration it had been determined to take an independent step, to further which object that meeting had been called. The report of the Art Union was read and commented upon, and letters of apology for absence from eminent artists read. Mr. Dibdin complained that out of so large a subscription so small an amount had been devoted to pictures. The original intention of the Art Union was to encourage rising genius, but that intention was not carried out. If the old society would

not do that, they would form another society that would. It was then moved by Mr. Bell Smith that a new institution be formed, to be called the "Artists' Art Union," which shall, by its regulations and laws, provide for the differences at present existing, and pledging itself to the expenditure of its funds entirely in works of art, to be selected from the London exhibitions, the shares in which shall be issued at half a guinea. After some discussion this resolution was passed by a large majority, and a committee appointed to further the object in view. Thanks were voted to the chairman, and the meeting separated.

The seventh day's sale of Lord Northwick's collection at Thirlstane House commenced with some antique gems from the Poniatowski collection. The prices fetched for these were very small, scarcely even reaching the not very high level of prices attained at the original dispersion of that extraordinary collection of forgeries. Some fine miniatures were then sold, of which the best were Sir John Gage, by Holbein (from Strawberry-hill), 61 gs.; Lady Jane Grey, by Hilliard, 125 gs.; Algernon Sydney, by John Hoskins, 50 gs.; John Hampden, by Samuel Cooper, 51 gs. A marble bust of Clytia sold for 67 gs.; a Florentine bronze copy of the Venus de Medici, five feet high, 195l., and another of the Apollo Belvidere, a companion, 165 gs. There were some good specimens of Raffaele ware; among the rest a magnificent dish, the subject the Martyrdom of St. Lawrence, and with the monogram of the artist, G. O. B. O. (Guido Baldi), 295 gs. A cameo of "The Triumph of Bacchus," from the Poniatowski collection, fetched 75 gs. The total of the day's sale exceeded 1785l. The eighth day's sale also consisted of miniatures, antique gems, bronzes, &c., and the following were the most remarkable lots:—Miniature of the Earl of Sandwich, by Samuel Cooper; 30 gs. (Farrer). A cameo of Minerva and Apollo, from the Poniatowski collection; 27 gs. (Webb). Another of Aurora on her Car, from the same collection; 31l. A pair of fine Florentine bronzes of the groups of the Monte Cavallo, on wood pedestal; 61 gs. (Mawson). A pair of Oriental China jars and covers, 4½ feet high; 105 gs. (Rhodes). A portrait of George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, in armour, by Hilliard, richly decorated with gold, with the motto "Fulmen aquasque fero;" 25 gs. (Farrer). An enamel portrait of Admiral Churchill, brother of John, Duke of Marlborough; from the Strawberry-hill collection; 21 gs. (Colnaghi). Portrait of Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, by J. Oliver, from the same collection; 35 gs. (Colnaghi). Louis XII. King of France, by Holbein, also from the Strawberry-hill collection; 96 gs. (Matheson). Portrait of Wycherley, by Peter Oliver; 64 gs. (ditto). A miniature of Lady Digby, by the same, in an ebony case, mounted with silver, from Strawberry-hill; 100 gs. (Colnaghi). Portrait of Richard Cromwell, by S. Cooper, in an exquisitely finished goldenamelled case; 80 gs. (Mr. S. Addington). A frame containing ten miniatures, beautifully finished by Reade, viz., Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, Edward VI., Henry VIII., and his six wives; 65 gs. (Rhodes). The eighth day's sale amounted to 1,665l. On Tuesday the sale was resumed for the dispersion of the pictures contained in the grotto-room and vestibule. The proceedings opened with a number of pictures bearing great names, which were knocked down at prices which appear too great for copies, but far too small for originals. Works entered in the catalogue as by Rubens, Mabuse, Mantegna, and Rembrandt went for sums under a hundred guineas. The lots, however, which exceeded that limit were the following: Portraits of the Burgomaster Six and his wife (copies, but good ones); 175 gs. "The Salutation" and the "Presentation in the Temple," a pair said to be by Hugo Vander Goes, a scholar of Van Eyck; 135 gs. (Eckford). The Virgin kneeling in adoration, by Sandro Botticelli; 155 gs. The Taking down from the Cross, by Timothea della Vite; 200 gs. (Mr. Drax, M.P.). The Virgin and Child, said to be by Correggio, and formerly in the collection of Lord Radstock; 110 gs. (Drax). The Coronation of the Virgin, said to be by Raffaele, and to have been painted for the Monastery of St. Francisco, in Perugia, 170 gs. (Drax). The Virgin and Child, St. Lawrence, and Pope Sixtus, 101 gs. (Chippendale). The Nativity, a fine work, by Pinturicchio; 240 gs. (Drax). The ninth day's sale realised 3600l. The principal lots sold on Wednesday (the tenth day) were: The Virgin and Child, St. Catherine, and St. Barbara, by Bernardino Luini; 125 gs. (Finney). A portrait of Paul III., called in the catalogue by Titian; 101 gs. (Eckford). Venus appearing to Eneas, by N. Poussin; 240 gs. (Nieuwenhuys). Cupid, wounded by his own arrow, preferring his complaint to Venus, by Giorgione; 1250 gs. (Mawson). Tarquin and Lucretia, by Titian; this picture was formerly in the Whitehall Collection of Charles I., was afterwards purchased for the King of Spain, and was subsequently carried away from that country by Joseph Bonaparte; 395 gs. (Nieuwenhuys). Interview between Mahomet II. and the Patriarch Gennadius at Constantinople, by Gentile Bellini; 131 gs. (Budd and Prior). A landscape, with Diana and her nymphs, called by Titian; 101 gs. (Pearce). The Virgin and Child in a landscape, by F. Bessolo; 120 gs. (Eckford). An equestrian portrait of Don Luis de Haro, by Velasquez; 920 gs. (Stopford). The Repose of the Holy Family, in a landscape, by Jan Bellini; 102 gs. (Drax). Portrait of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, said to be by Titian; 141 gs. (Bennett). The Vision of St. Augustine of Canterbury, by Murillo; 245 gs. (Sir E. Lechmere, Bart.). A view of the château and grounds of Ryswick, by Vander Heyder and Vander Velde; 130 gs. The total amount of the day's sale was 6320l. On Thursday a splendid collection of modern pictures was to be sold, and also jewels, and it was expected that the proceeds of that day alone would exceed twenty thousand pounds.

The *Morning Post* gives the following description of Mr. Lough's model of his monument to George Stephenson, which he has just completed: "In general form the monument is pyramidal, and it stands upon a square base sixteen feet in height. The pedestal is quadrilateral, rising to an apex of fifteen feet, where the principal figure stands. The attitude of this statue is bold and commanding, and the face is a perfect likeness as well in expression as in lineaments. There is the 'speculation' of profound science in the eye, and on the brow the traces of deep study; and the whole deportment betokens the abstraction of severe thought. The arrangement of the drapery is very felicitous, and a Scottish plaid, thrown with negligent grace over the left shoulder, breaks the formal and inelegant lines of modern costume with picturesque effect. At each of the four angles of the pedestal there is a seated figure, respectively representing an engineer, a pitman with his Geordy lamp, a navvy with his rail and pickaxe, and a semi-vulcan blacksmith with his sledge. Though of course highly idealised, these figures are faithfully typical of the classes they are designed to represent. Each statue is in itself a study, and they have all a manly unpremeditated grace, a natural dignity, and a true Anglo-Saxon vigour of character, which cannot fail to awaken admiration. Altogether this monument is, to our thinking, a fine work, 'majestic in its own simplicity,' and equally remarkable for poetic sentiment of design and artistic skill of execution. It is intended to be erected in Newcastle-upon-Tyne; but it were to be wished that a copy could be retained in London, where it would contrast favourably with the heavy masses of solid bronze and torpid marble which, under the pretext of 'statuary,' too often disfigure our streets and public edifices."

Mlle. Rosa Bonheur has undertaken the pictorial illustration of a work on the "Agriculture of France," a work from the pen of M. Louis Gossin, Professor at the Normal Agricultural Institution of Beauvais.

M. Yvon, the painter, who accompanied the French army to Italy in order to sketch on the spot the principal events of the campaign, has had an audience

of the Emperor at the Palace of St. Cloud, for the purpose of presenting to his Majesty two large sketches of the battles of Magenta and Solferino. The Emperor examined them with great attention, and approved of them. These sketches and a representation of the interview of the Emperors at Villafranca will be executed of the same size as the paintings relating to the Crimean war at Versailles, and will be placed in the same room.

The *Journal of the Society of Arts* gives the following letter from M. Barbedienne, of Paris, the well-known art manufacturer, to his correspondent in London, as an indication of the fact that the movement in favour of a Great Exhibition to be held in London in 1861 is not quite over: "Now that peace appears to become more firm every day, will it not be possible to return to your project for the exhibition of 1861? It appears to us that it is the duty of commerce and industry to rely with confidence on the interests of nations, and to discard all foolish and transient causes of antagonism and strife. In the actual state of things, a Great Exhibition in London would have a double salutary effect, both in the industrial as well as in the political world. Personally, I will do everything in my power to promote so noble and excellent a cause."

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

THE LYRIC MUSE has for a time abandoned her throne in the chief temple of fame. Now, the purlieu of Covent Garden, from nightfall to the morn's return, is about as lively as the great desert of Sahara, or the unpeopled solitudes of Babylon. Dullness reigns supreme. Reflecting on the recent "pressure from without" to witness the concluding representations of the "Pardon de Plœrmel," it is somewhat regrettable that a season, seemingly lucrative in its winding up, should have been so positively cut short just as the public ear grew keen, and the anxiety to witness Meyerbeer's last work increased in its intensity. But we pass on. "Dinorah," during six consecutive performances, has afforded tolerably ample opportunities for closely scrutinising its merits. Every examination opens up fresh beauties of construction, reveals greater diversities of colour, beauty of form, and richer stores of melody, thus showing incontestably "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." Some of the French critics aver that in the new opera its composer has struck out a new path—an assertion, albeit strongly combated as a vapourish fancy—that has in it a substratum of truth. The ordinary listener obviously recognises Meyerbeer in "Dinorah," while to the better versed it is equally clear that it differs altogether from any preceding effort, taking in the far back circle of time, when "Il Crociato" produced an European sensation, the genius of its composer was acknowledged, and the glorious future so brightly raylined out. In touching lightly on the performance of the last night of the season (Saturday), we observe first that the house was crowded to the same excess as it had been on the Tuesday and Thursday previously. The little segment usually appropriated for visitors destined to the pit was so cribbed and confined for the occasion, that, once in, egress was found to be the thing next to impossible. Opinions previously expressed relative to the melodies of "The Pardon de Plœrmel" have been strengthened by subsequent hearings, but especially by the final performance. Applause of the most genial and fervent character awaited on each and every one of its exponents. Melody will invariably enforce attention, but repetitions are ordinarily needed before it can be seized on with exactness and be rightly appropriated. The mind of man, like the susceptibility of wax, seldom receives fresh images without displacing others, and melody not unfrequently requires the longest and hardest impregnation. In elucidation of this we would cite the cradle song, "Si carini, dormi in pace," which, though composed of but few notes, and listened to with earnestness at the first representation, won for the fair artist at the last a very flattering outspoken compliment, simply because the melody had become stamped on the memory by ineffaceable images. Just so with the rest, but still more especially, in the sparkling and highly elaborated aria in D flat, "Ombra leggera." At this point the enthusiasm was raised to a boisterous degree, and bouquets came raining down at the feet of the fair cantatrice like *bonbons* at an Italian carnival. Important as the opening song, "A caccia," in the third part is supposed to be, Sig. Tagliacoco scarcely realises the composer's conceptions. It is doubtlessly unsuited to his style and capacities, for its representative at the Opéra Comique made it sufficiently telling as to gain an encore. To those accustomed to a crowded stage, the small number of the *dramatis personæ*—in reality only three may have a bald appearance: while to others, who look for startling effects by "sounds that o'erwhelm," "Dinorah" will prove in the main too quiet. There is nevertheless a broad luminous belt of beauty en zoning the entire work, from the opening village chorus in 3-time with its quaint episode up to the final line of invocation, "Benedici il nostro cor." The rich vein of melody that runs through the whole mass must ensure to "Dinorah" a popularity as lasting as any opera that has issued from the same fertile and highly figurative imagination. Being aware that "Dinorah" is soon to be presented in a more homely language than the original one of MM. Michel Carré and Jules Barbier, or of that translated by M. de Lauzières, we can be spared from making any further general remarks for the present. Time will show what an English *prima donna* will make of the love-crazed maiden, not that any serious doubts ought to be entertained on this point; meanwhile we congratulate Mr. Gye on the complete success of his last undertaking, feeling assured the recent accession to his staff in the person of Mme. Miolan Cavallo is one hailed with pleasure by every well-wisher to the cause of the lyric drama. At the conclusion of the opera, the National Anthem was attempted *secundum artem*, and was, as usual, sadly muffled. The audience heard the blunderings with a smile, and at the final fall of the curtain a general burst of enthusiasm testified to the gratification that the last night of the season had afforded.

The announced concert at the Crystal Palace on Saturday the 6th inst., for the benefit of Mr. Manns, attracted nearly 5000 persons. Few frequenters of the "far-famed spot" at Sydenham are unaware of the great orchestral advances made by the company's band since it has been under the entire supervision of this talented musician. Not that we indorse all the schemes propounded by him as faultless and unobjectionable; but, viewing them in their entirety, they have proved to be vastly superior to those he held the reins of musical government. How scant were the visitors who, in promenading the crystal building, paused long in the central transept to hear the music; now, every seat in the appropriated room is occupied, nay, often scrambled for, long before the concert begins. This great change is manifestly traceable to the exertions of the orchestral chief. The programme issued on Saturday combined notable music with popular interpreters. Mendelssohn broke the silence with his No. 3 Symphony (A major), and was listened to with an attention bordering on reverence. To our thinking the first movement was taken somewhat faster than usual, and that the gradual crescendo in the episodic fugato, which opens the second movement, was not so strictly enforced as it ought to have been. In other respects we discovered nothing on which to found a complaint. The *andante* in D minor was beautifully played, and the finale resulted in a positive triumph. Mr. Sims Reeves introduced a new song, "Forgotten all," which will be deservedly forgotten very soon. It was a disappointing thing, and we

wonder that the great tenor should imperil his reputation by attempting to popularise compositions totally unworthy of notice. "Love sounds the alarm" received a general as well as a hearty approval. In Rode's air with variations Mlle. Artot perfectly astounded those not previously acquainted with her extraordinary vocal attributes. A murmur of approbation followed the delivery of these florid exhibitions, more complimentary to the singer than the smartest application of "palm to palm." But while Mlle. Artot captivated by her rapid boundings through octaves of scales, chromatic as well as diatonic, Miss Louisa Vinning charmed by a pathetic, yet not, as is too frequently the case, a lachrymose rendering of a popular melody from the "sister isle." We opine that Tom Moore would have been pleased to hear Miss Vinning sing "The last rose of summer." Certain it is the audience of Saturday were. A grand duet from Linda, "Da quel di," assigned to the lady and Mr. Sims Reeves, was treated in a highly-finished and artistic manner. Mr. Weiss sang "The Slave's Dream," his own composition, one worth a thousand "Forgotten all's." We were pleased alike with the song, singing, and the manner in which it was received. Among the instrumentalists Mlle. Sophie Humler came in for a large share of the suffrages of the meeting. Ernst's violin solo on "Thèmes Allemandes" afforded the fair artist an opportunity for displaying the conquest attained over the difficulties incident to bow and string. A fantasia (harmonium) was a great tax on the patience and little short of a bore. The fact is, the harmonium is not an instrument adapted for solos of long continuance, let who will play them. Miss Arabella Goddard's fantasia on "Where the bee sucks" was a glorious contrast, and a delightful change. It is needless to say that it was received with enthusiasm. The concert concluded with Beethoven's "Battle Symphony," in which the band of the Royal Marines was added to the regular orchestral forces. The performance of this celebrated piece was not, however, remarkable for precision. We half doubt whether it had had the advantage of a rehearsal at all; if it had, another "try back" would have been time well appropriated.

There was a great rush to the Surrey Gardens about sunset on Monday, probably to hear Reeves for the announced last time. As if something very unusual had been discovered in "My pretty Jane," she was impressed in half-inch black letter, while another piece to which great importance seemed attached, "The Corn-fields," stood by her side. Everything that the great tenor essayed was encored. Miss Louisa Vinning's song, though not quite so seasonable as the latter, was nevertheless applauded to the echo, and she was again presented as "Comin' through the rye." Miss Dolby's spirit carried her "Over the sea," but, being speedily brought back to the *terra firma* of the Surrey orchestra, she treated her auditory with a bit of Scotch music. This also found an echo from numbers born on either side of the Tweed: and thus far all ended well. Now that the Surrey Gardens are become again a place of musical resort, we would just hint at the policy on the part of the executive of placing attendants at the main entrance capable of distinguishing between persons who have business there and those who have not—men able to control both language and action, in respectful conformity to public usage, and with credit to the duties of the situation they profess properly to discharge.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

WE UNDERSTAND that the differences of opinion between Mr. E. T. Smith and the committee of Drury-lane Theatre have been adjusted, and that that gentleman will continue in the leaseholdship of that theatre. To guard against accidents, Mr. Smith had secured the refusal of her Majesty's Theatre, so that in any case he would have had a *terrain* for his operatic campaign next season.

The first published list of the subscribers for a testimonial to Mr. E. T. Smith contained the name of Miss Burdett Coutts for 50*l*. Since that an amended list has been published, from which the name of Miss Coutts has been withdrawn, and an intimation inserted that the 50*l*. was intended "for the general expenses of the Drury-lane Opera season, and not as a subscription to Mr. Smith's testimonial, as previously advertised in error." The truth is that Miss Coutts, having a freehold box in the theatre, and hearing that Mr. Smith's season had been the reverse of gainful to him, sent 50*l*. to mitigate his losses. This was the sum which Mr. Smith, in his farewell speech, referred to as having been sent by a lady. Why then, after that confession, came it to be included in the list for the testimonial?

It is good news for the English opera-goer that the Pyne-Harrison company in coming to Covent-garden will take advantage of the properties and scenery prepared for the "Pardon de Ploërmel," to produce an English edition of that opera in September. Mr. H. Chorley has been engaged to Anglicise the *libretto*. Some speculation has arisen in musical circles as to the cast of the principal parts. Will Mr. Harrison undertake the rôle of *Hoël*, the music of which, as it stands, he cannot by any possibility sing; or will he trench upon Mr. G. Honey's province of *comique*, and enact the silly *Correntino*, who is frightened at his own shadow? That this artist has some cause for such a dread there can be no doubt.

A public meeting was held yesterday (Friday) for the purpose of considering the best means to be adopted for promoting the formation of a new company to carry on the Polytechnic Institution. A proposal was made to form a company with a capital of 20,000*l*., in shares of 10*l*., of which only 14,000*l*. is to be called up. The holder of one share is to be entitled to a personal free admission, three shares will entitle to the same privilege and one order daily, five shares to two orders, and ten shares to four orders daily. Nearly four hundred shares are already taken up, and donations to the amount of 250*l*. have been received from persons wishing well to the institution, but who have declined to become shareholders.

There has been a great deal of loose writing lately about the conduct of Mr. Sims Reeves in refusing to accede to the demand of a portion of the Surrey Music Hall audience for an *encore*, and journalists have been writing about the matter, and have been praising the brave and independent conduct of Mr. Reeves as if the exaction of an *encore* were invariably regarded as an injury by the singer. Now the rule happens to be precisely the reverse. To gain an *encore*, and to gain the greatest number of *encores*, is the main object of ambition with the singer. We admit that the practice is not a good one, and that (as we once heard an excellent judge well remark) an *encore* always results in a disappointment; but how is it to be amended, how ameliorated, so long as the majority of artists encourage its continuance, and will even employ *claqueurs* to get for them this coveted compliment? We ourselves have heard Mr. Reeves himself accept an *encore* upon the slenderest provocation, and even against the loudly-expressed opinion of a majority of the audience. It is true that this has been when the song has been some very inferior ballad which ought never to have been sung, and which has been introduced for the profit and satisfaction of music-sellers who have paid Mr. Reeves for his complacency. What then? A man ought not to blow hot and cold with the same breath, or to complain of that at one time as an injury which at another he schemes to obtain by craft.

We have received from Mr. Joseph Davies, of Warrington, a copy of his play called "Our Town; or, the First of November," with plagiarism from which he charges Mr. Tom Taylor. After seeing "The Contested Election" and reading Mr. Davies's piece, we can undertake to assure that gentleman that

there is not the slightest substantial resemblance between his composition and that of Mr. Taylor. Mr. Taylor's piece is the work of a man of wit and of culture; that of Mr. Davies is a miserably poor production, which could not succeed upon any stage. The pretence that there is any resemblance between the pieces is simply the silliest and the flimsiest possible. They are both about elections, and both (following a very obvious line of thought) have taken the idea of ambitious vulgarity attempting to raise itself by an election. This, however, is a notion which is so patent upon the surface, that to charge a man with plagiarism because he had used it would be something tantamount to charging him with the same crime because he had purchased his paper, pens, and ink at the same shop with another author. The device of the half-notes (upon which Mr. Davies has laid some stress) is in no way similar, so far as usage as concerned, in the two pieces. Mr. Taylor makes a very ingenious use of it, and renders it essential to the plot; but Mr. Davies merely uses it as the means for transmitting a sum of money at an opportune moment, when the whole notes or a cheque for the amount would have done just as well. Latterly, it has been very much the fashion to attack Mr. Taylor, and to charge him with plagiarism in the most reckless manner and without the slightest foundation; and this sport has been mainly indulged in by critics who have until lately been unable to discern in him anything but what has been original and admirable. To what are we to attribute this change? If to the fact that we, upon evidence and facts unanswerable, brought home to Mr. Taylor a case of plagiarism for which he was wholly inexcusable, and for which he has not even attempted to excuse himself, all that we can say is that, executing what we believed to be an imperative duty, we had no intention of setting all the curs of the town to bark at his heels.

It is announced that there is now, for the first time at this season of the year, stored in the lakes and reservoirs of the Crystal Palace a supply of water sufficient for a frequent display of the entire system of waterworks there. It has been determined to exhibit the whole of the great fountains on one afternoon in each week during the current month, the charge for admission to be one shilling. A pamphlet has been put forward in which an attempt has been made to show that the Crystal Palace fountains are equal in effect to those of Versailles. This, however, can never be, until they can boast of as much assistance from sculpture and of as fine a background of trees as those which adorn the gardens of La Notre. The same pamphlet contains some interesting statistics as to the fountains at the Crystal Palace. When the whole series is being played no less than 12,000 jets are in operation, discharging in the aggregate 120,000 gallons per minute. The supply for this is obtained from an artesian well, 575 feet in depth, an abundance of springs in the neighbourhood of Croydon, and the mains of the Lambeth Water Company. To raise the water from the lower lake to the summit of the high water towers requires several engines of the aggregate horse-power of 320. For ordinary occasions the water is received into two reservoirs, the upper and larger of which is at the foot of the north tower; from this the water is forced by steam-power to the tanks at the tops of the towers, which are 700 feet above the level of the Thames and more than 200 feet above the surface of Sydenham Hill. Each tank contains 360,000 gallons of water, the weight of which is 1576 tons. A curious fact about these tanks at the tops of the towers is that they contain fish, which have been forced up the pipes when very small in size, and have grown considerably since. The whole series of pipes and jets is computed to exceed ten miles in length, and their weight is 4000 tons.

At a meeting of the general committee of management of the Norfolk and Norwich Musical Festival, held at the residence of Mr. Roger Kerrison, the hon. secretary, on Friday, July 29, 1859, the Earl of Albemarle (the chairman), the Rev. the Lord Bayning, F. W. Irby, Esq., the Rev. Precentor Symonds, F. J. Blake, Esq. (the treasurer), J. B. Morgan, Esq., C. S. Gilman, Esq., C. E. Tuck, Esq., &c., &c., being present, the following report from the sub-committee was presented and read.

The committee of management of the Norfolk and Norwich Musical Festival have to report to the general committee that they have duly considered the one important business delegated to them, the choice of a conductor, and have come to the conclusion that, considering the very useful services of Mr. Jules Benedict during many past festivals, and his entire competency as a musician of the first class, they cannot do better than recommend him as the conductor of the next Norfolk Festival. They also append to this recommendation that he be requested to produce some novelty of his own composition as one of the features of the festival of 1860. It is a subject of congratulation that the guarantee fund has already amounted to upwards of 3000*l*., and it is hoped that, by the exertions of members of the committee, it will speedily be raised to as much (if not more) as on the last occasion. The sub-committee cannot but express the greatest satisfaction at the success of the last festival, in spite of the numerous difficulties they had to encounter; and they earnestly hope that by renewed exertions, and a determination to engage the best available talent in the country, the next may be attended with a still greater amount of pecuniary benefit. In furtherance of this object it cannot fail also to be a subject of congratulation that the Earl of Albemarle, whose services were so valuable on the last occasion, has again kindly consented to accept the office of chairman of the general committee.—(Signed) E. COPEMAN, Chairman.

Thereupon, on the motion of Lord Bayning, it was unanimously resolved: "That Mr. Jules Benedict be appointed the conductor at the ensuing Festival." It was also resolved unanimously: "That he be requested to produce at the next Festival some novelty of his own composition, as one of the features of the Festival;" and "That the engagement of the vocal and instrumental performers be first submitted for the approval of the conductor." "That the thanks of the meeting be accorded to the Earl of Albemarle for attending upon this occasion, and for his able conduct in the chair." We are informed that Mr. Benedict has accepted the office of conductor, and has intimated his intention of writing a cantata for the Festival of 1860.

It has been stated that Mme. Jenny Lind Goldschmidt is about to resume concert singing, and to take a tour in Ireland accompanied by Herr Joachim.

Mme. Anna Bishop is about to leave England for America. Previous to her departure she will give, on Monday evening next, at the Surrey Gardens, a monster farewell concert, at which a number of distinguished vocal and instrumental artists will assist.

The Italian journals mention a new lady, a Signora Virginia Conti, who, they say, is to be a great singer. Mme. Pasta is said to take a peculiar interest in her training.

Foreign journals now state that the production of Herr Wagner's new opera—"Tristan und Isolde," which was to have taken place at Carlsruhe very soon, may possibly be deferred, owing to continental discomforts.

MADAME TUSSAUD.—A figure has within these few days been added to the Baker-street collection, which has, with some difficulty, been modelled by an eminent artist, specially employed in the operation, and at no trifling cost to the proprietor, which will be viewed with considerable interest by the public; it is a portrait of General Garibaldi. This effigy is very excellent as a likeness to the original, who, it will be seen, is a man of resolute yet pleasing physiognomy, and one in whose countenance the moral and mental properties predominate. The figure is clothed in a uniform precisely similar to that worn by the gallant soldier, simple and without decoration. This addition to the gallery will be estimated by all people of taste as a good specimen of the art of modelling.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the five Academies of France is to take place on the 16th inst., M. Senarmont, President of the Academy of Sciences, in the chair.

It is stated that the Duchess of Kent, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Princess Mary, and a considerable number of other persons of distinction, have intimated their intention of becoming life members of the Horticultural Society, and will aid in promoting the new Gardens at Kensington Gore.

The *Cheltenham Examiner* states that the largest of the British snakes in the glass case at the Aviary Gardens, Cheltenham, has lately laid no less than 59 eggs about the size of blackbirds' eggs, but longer, and of a white colour, tinged with yellow.

The National Botanical Gardens at Kew, containing the great palm-house, the old and new museums, the tropical aquarium, &c., and the royal palace pleasure grounds, flower gardens, and new arboretum, having been greatly improved and adorned, are now open every week-day from one o'clock till dusk; on Sundays, from two o'clock till six. Free admission to the whole. In the old tropical aquarium, or hothouse No. 6, there is a fine specimen of the lace or lattice-leaf plant of Madagascar. It is said that it has been copied by the artificial florists of London for ornamental purposes.

The twentieth anniversary meeting of the Royal Botanic Society of London, Regent's-park, was held on Wednesday, Mr. David Jardine in the chair. The report from the council stated that the affairs of the society continued in the most prosperous condition. The total receipts of the year had been 12,254*l.* 1*s.* 10*d.*, and the expenditure, including 1050*l.* of the old debt paid off, 952*l.* 7*s.* 1*d.*, leaving a balance in hand of 2902*l.* 7*s.* 9*d.* The total number of fellows elected since the last anniversary is 163; the number now on the books of fellows and members being 2277. The early spring exhibitions, attempted for the first time during the past spring, and instituted for the introduction of new and rare plants which come into flower in the early spring months, had met with the greatest success, and given general satisfaction. Although the old debt of the society was now so small as to be of no consequence, yet the council do not consider it expedient to undertake any expensive works of improvement until the whole of this debt has been extinguished. The reports from the secretary and curator stated that the gardens and conservatory had during the past year been in a higher state of cultivation than for several seasons past. The facilities afforded to students and artists had been enjoyed by 115 persons, beyond those attending the lectures of Professor Bentley and Dr. Lankester. The total number of visitors to the gardens during the past year was 155,951.

On the evening of Wednesday, the 3rd inst., the President and Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians gave their annual *soirée* at the College, Pall Mall East. Few people but those who have penetrated into that mysterious building at the corner of Trafalgar-square, which is so puzzling to nine-tenths of the passers by, and which is popularly supposed to be a chapel, are aware that the Royal College of Physicians presents internally a series of very magnificent rooms, whose walls are adorned with a splendid library and with a rich collection of valuable works of art. To those who have the honour of an invitation, the annual disclosure of what is perhaps the greatest secret in London affords a rich treat; and it is not to be wondered at that this, the last *soirée* of the season, not only attracts in crowds all the distinguished persons who happen to be in town, but actually brings up from the country a large number of the most celebrated disciples of *Æsculapius* in the provinces to do honour to this periodical gathering of the profession. On Wednesday last the attendance was very numerous, and comprised many persons of the highest scientific reputation. Prince Lucien Bonaparte was there, and among the throng we noticed the Master of the Mint, Colonel Sykes, Dr. Brady, M.P., Professor Hart, R.A., Sir James Clarke, &c., &c. After paying their respects to Dr. Mayo, the venerable president of the college, the company promenaded the rooms and examined the various scientific and artistic novelties which had been provided for their amusement. Among these Professor Wheatstone's electric telegraph and Mr. Warren De la Rue's magnificent stereographs of the moon attracted a great deal of attention. There was also a great variety of novelties in the way of scientific instruments and apparatus, microscopic objects, photographs, stereographs, and chromo-lithographs. Refreshments were provided in the magnificent dining-hall of the college, around which are hung a collection of portraits of Fellows, including works by Lely, Gainsborough, and other distinguished artists.

A report has been published of the condition and progress of the Museum of Irish Industry in Dublin for the year 1858, by Sir Robert Kane, F.R.S., the director. From this it appears that great progress has been made in the arrangement and completion of the collections. Many donations have been received. The Museum galleries have been open to the public on week days from eleven to four o'clock, during which time there visited the galleries, from the 1st of January to the 31st of December, 23,638 persons. The Museum galleries were also open to the public in the evenings on which lectures were delivered, from seven till half-past nine o'clock; and since October 11th, by an arrangement approved of by my lords, the galleries were opened to the public on two evenings in the week, Mondays and Thursdays, from seven to half-past nine o'clock, independently of lectures. The number of evening visitors in the year was, on the evening of lecture, 9523, and on other evenings 180, making a total number of visitors to the Museum within the year to be 33,311.

The *Jedburgh Record* states that a beautifully marked specimen of the class *Holoptychus nobilissimus*, thickly studded with scales, is at present to be seen embedded in a corner-stone of the south-west portion, of "Old Bredwell," the site of the proposed baths and washing-houses. Some few years ago an inferior specimen of the same class was found in a neighbouring field, and considerable discussion took place as to the *locale* from whence it had been dug.

According to the *Aberdeen Journal*, donations in aid of the natural history department of the approaching meeting are now reaching Aberdeen. Mr. Arthur Fraser, Rossie Castle, has presented to the museum of Marischal College, through Mr. Thompson, of Banchory, a large and valuable collection of shells from Java, which are now being arranged. Sir A. P. G. Cumming, of Altyre, has literally forwarded for exhibition a highly interesting series of fossil fish, collected by the late Lady G. Cumming, and named by Agassiz. The fishes of the old red sandstone are further represented by specimens from Caithness, presented by Mr. Williamson, of Banniskirk, and Mr. Cleghorn, of Wick; from Tynet Burn, presented by Mr. Simpson, of Hole, near Fochabers; and from Seat Craig, purchased by the committee; and other collections are promised from Orkney, Caithness, Elgin, and Banff. Even from the extremity of Shetland specimens of serpentine, chromite, and the rare native magnesite or brucite have been received from Mr. Edmonston, of Bunes, in Unst, and we hope soon to be able to mention further arrivals from these islands and other quarters. Professors Nicol and Fuller recently brought a fine collection of fossils from the colite of Brora, and also from the Silurian limestone of Sutherland; and additional specimens from the latter curious formation have been since sent by the Rev. P. Cameron, Durness.

Whittington's successful speculation in cats has met with a pendant in a recent exportation of sparrows to New Zealand. That country, it appears, is infested with caterpillars at certain seasons, and there are no sparrows to eat them. To supply this deficiency, it appears from the *Southern Cross* that Mr. Brodie has shipped 300 sparrows on board the *Swordfish*, carefully selected from the best hedgerows in England. The food alone put on board for them cost 18*l.* This sparrow question has been a long-standing joke in Auckland; but the necessity to farmers of small birds to keep down the grubs is admitted on all sides. There is no security in New Zealand against the invasion of myriads of caterpillars which devastate the crops. Mr. Brodie has already acclimatised the pheasant, which is abundant in the north. The descent from the pheasant to sparrows is somewhat of an anti-climax; but should the latter multiply, the greatest benefit will have been conferred on the country.

There is some talk in Paris about the discovery of a new motive power, said to have been made by a young workman named Jacob, a turner in copper. Although the precise nature of the discovery is not stated, it has been said that this, like many similar discoveries, was the result of an accident. While seeking to increase the power of his turning lathe, a new means was suddenly revealed to him, whereby he has been able, without assistance, to construct a machine which increases two hundredfold the motive power of one man and may be increased to an unlimited extent.

At a late meeting of the Académie des Sciences at Paris, a communication was read from a doctor at Rouen, offering a secret to cure gout and rheumatism in consideration of receiving in advance 100,000 francs. The simplicity of the proposal was amusing, but the Académie returned gravely for answer that, as a general rule, no reward was distributed for secrets; that the doctor's discovery must be made public and valued by the Académie, not by the doctor himself, which would be considered against all rules of that logic and mathematical precision which should govern every action of so learned and logical a body.

Another ascent of Mont Blanc has been made, and the results have been communicated in a letter to the *Times*. As these include some new views respecting the *route* of ascent, and as the climber is already well known to the public, as one of the party of five who ascended Mont Blanc in 1855 without guides, the narrative is worth quoting:

Sir.—Although you pronounced Mont Blanc a "nuisance," and declared that nothing new could be said on the subject, you may not be unwilling to introduce a short notice of an ascent made last week, inasmuch as the summit was reached by a route hitherto generally supposed impracticable. The party leaving Chamounix consisted of the Revs. E. Headland, G. Hodgkinson, and C. Hudson, and Messrs. W. Forster and George Joad, and was accompanied by six Chamounix guides, "Melchior Anderegg," of Meyringen, and Joad's servant. We passed the night of the 28th of July at the Grands Mulets, started at 4 a.m. the following day for the Grand Plateau, which was reached at 7. Here the party divided. Mr. Forster and three guides went by the Corridor and Mur de la Côte, and the others, turning more to the right, gained, in an hour and a quarter, a point in the ridge which connects the Dome du Gouter with Mont Blanc. At 9 o'clock we were once more *en route*, and at 1 p.m. gained the summit by traversing the Bosse du Dromadaire, or, in other words, by continuing to climb the ridge already alluded to. Though this route is free from crevasses, rocks, or any great difficulty, it is only within the last year or two that any of the Chamounix or St. Gervais guides would admit its practicability. As proof of this I may mention that not one of our six guides had the least idea we should succeed, and those three who went with us stipulated that they should receive each his 100*l.*, even though we did not get up. Mr. Forster was only a few minutes later than ourselves. The Bosse du Dromadaire does not shorten the ascent from Chamounix, but is a great boon for the St. Gervais people. From the St. Gervais sleeping-place, on the Aiguille du Gouter, to the Dome du Gouter is one and a half hours' walk, and thence to the highest peak three and a half or four hours; thus the whole of the second day's ascent need not occupy more than five or five and a half hours, which is considerably less than the time required from the Grands Mulets. Another peculiar feature in this ascent is, that we were the first to avail ourselves of the change recently made in the Chamounix guide regulations, which was effected by the representations of the Alpine Club, and the kindly offices of the Sardinian Ambassador in London and Count Cavour. Instead of taking four guides for each, no matter how great the number of travellers, it is now permitted for one gentleman to mount with two guides, two with three, and for any greater number one guide for each tourist. Travellers are also allowed to choose their guides for the greater excursions, and under a variety of specified circumstances.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

C. HUDSON.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL ITEMS.

A COMMITTEE has been formed in London for the purpose of promoting the excavations on the site of the Roman city of Uriconium, and to co-operate with the local committee in getting together the funds necessary for the purpose. The list of names will be found elsewhere, and it is here merely sufficient to note the fact that it comprises men of sufficient reputation in the archæological world to insure the success of the undertaking. The opportune appearance of Mr. Wright's admirable little handbook (noticed elsewhere in the present number) will no doubt have its effect in stimulating public interest in the progress of the explorations. The *Shrewsbury Chronicle*, referring to the matter, says: "If we may judge by the number of parties and gay equipages seen wending their way towards Uriconium, the interest of the place is not diminished, but increased, within the last few weeks. We observe that the men are now employed in more fully excavating the square dwelling-house—if such it be—near the old Watling-street road. Besides the four chambers on each side of the central court, five square apartments have been excavated on the eastern side. The object of these apartments is at present a mystery. Walls, a concrete floor, and a paved road have been just traced in the ground lying to the south of the above-described square of building. They have found some curious iron implements, and some articles in bronze, the use and object of which can only be guessed at: also several coins, not all deciphered; but one is that of Carausius, with the inscription when complete of 'IMP CARASIVS P.F. AVG.' On the reverse is a figure of Peace, holding the olive branch in her left hand, and a spear in her right. The inscription is very concise, 'PAX AVG.' Date, from A.D. 287 to 293."

The *North British Mail* announces an interesting discovery at Dunfermline. In the ceiling of the recess formed by an oriel window in the upper story of Dunfermline Palace is a bas-relief in white marble, representing the Annunciation. Jehovah is represented as looking down from the clouds, while a stream of glory proceeds from him, in the middle of which is the Holy Ghost, in form of a dove, descending upon the Virgin, who kneels at a *prie dieu*, on which is her reply to the angel, who stands opposite to her, holding a scroll containing the words of the Annunciation from the Latin Vulgate. Between the Virgin and the angel is a shield containing a chevron between three crescents, surmounted by a crozier and the initials "G. D." in Saxon characters—the armorial bearings of George Dury, Abbot and Commentator in the reign of Mary Stuart. Beneath are some defaced characters, to which Dr. Chalmers, in his "History of Dunfermline," gives the date 1100, and which has hitherto passed without public challenge. Mr. Ions, of this town, however, who is engaged in making photographic delineations of our ruins, in taking a view of the stone, had his suspicions aroused as to Dr. Chalmers's accuracy of the date, and took a cast of the ribbon containing the supposed date, when it turned out

to be the word "confideo," in Saxon lettering; thus, instead of the twelfth, the stone only dates from the sixteenth century. Some years ago the rev. Doctor had the date, which he imagined he had discovered, painted in black, so that it could be seen from below. Hence no one thought of examining it; but the cast proves beyond doubt that "confideo" is the legend contained in the ribbon.

The *Inverness Courier* mentions a discovery of old coins at Dunse. While a workman was laying down water-pipes into a house in Gourlay's Wynd, he came upon a considerable quantity of old coins. Within a leathern bag, between 300 and 400 silver coins in a state of excellent preservation were found, consisting of crowns, half-crowns, shillings, and sixpences, the oldest being two shilling pieces of Philip and Mary. The rest are of the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., James II., and Charles I. and II.; the only Scotch coins are of the reign of James II. of England and VII. of Scotland. There were also some foreign coins of the same remote period. At the time of the discovery, a number of people congregated, and a quantity of the coins were carried off.

The Royal Society of Northern Antiquities, at Copenhagen, has held its annual meeting at the palace of Christiansborg; his Majesty, King Frederick VII., president of the society, occupying the chair.

The Archaeological Institute has just held its annual meeting at Carlisle, under the presidency of Lord Talbot de Malahide. During the meeting, which continued six days, excursions were made to numerous places of antiquarian interest in the neighbourhood, including visits to Aydon Castle, Brougham Hall, and Corby Castle, and many valuable papers were read when the members assembled for these excursions. A description by Mr. Newton of his interesting discoveries at Boudrum, the site of ancient Halicarnassus, excited much attention. The subject of his lecture may be divided into two heads—"The Tomb of Mausolus" and "The Knights of St. John." Mr. Newton aided his remarks by constant reference to photographic representations and views, by which he was enabled to take his audience almost to the spot. There were some very beautiful views of Rhodes and the famous castle, which the Knights of St. John undoubtedly built out of the tomb of Mausolus. After introductory observations, giving account of the history of the discovery, and the expedition sent out by her Majesty's Government in 1856, with the direction of which he (Mr. Newton) was charged, he proceeded to describe the general character of the Mausoleum. It was erected by Artemisia to the memory of her husband Mausolus, and rivalled in point of decoration the great temples of Hellenic antiquity. Two useful measurements to start with were given by Pliny—the area and the height. The area is said to have been 411 feet, leaving for each of the four sides something more than 100 feet, so that in digging the ground my first object was to find a corner of this area, and to my delight I did so. By a singular coincidence I began at the south-western end of the building, and then proceeded to follow the two lines in two directions; and to be sure it was the mausoleum, I measured from the northward 105 feet, and dug until I came to the corner. I so proceeded until I got the square. The building is in a peculiar state. The mausoleum stood on a basement of green rag stone bound with iron, 65 feet in the air. Not only has the temple itself, but the basement also, been removed by the Knights of St. John to build their castle, as any one may see from these slabs. The castle is built mostly of green rag, and the sculpture was used as ornaments. The architect of the mausoleum, wanting to have a sure foundation, took what I conceive an ancient quarry, and filled up the depths and made the foundational base so until he was on a level with the ground. If you can conceive the basement, imagine it *rasé* with the surface, and then the knights went scooping it out, getting a slab here and a slab there, till they came to the actual rock of the quarry, and left two or three courses; and then, I conceive, to the deep quadrangular pit, which I found full of masses of various kinds. It was in this pit I found architectural and sculptural details; but the stones of the pyramid, portions of two horses from the quadrangle, and the statue of Mausolus himself were found farther to the north. It appears from Hyginus that around the tomb itself was the *peribolos*, or sacred precinct, surrounded by a wall; and, digging on, I came to a wall behind which, after removing a mass of rubble, I found a number of steps from the pyramids, lions, portions of statues, and other things, and two fragments of horses lying in a heap. These things were hurled from the top of the pyramid by an earthquake or some such force, and deposited there. And it is singular that this portion of the site was not touched by the knights at all. They worked from the south onwards and northwards. They stopped short of this a little to the south, and these things became covered up with an alluvial deposit and remained unmoved until 1857. It is a curious fact that the bronze bit was in the mouth of the horse still, and the bronze clamps by which the parts were bolted together were all sticking in the stones. (Mr. Newton proceeded to illustrate by his drawings and photographs, taken on the spot, the various parts of the excavations.) A vase was found at the foot of the stairs, which was found to have upon it cuneiform characters. Copies were sent to England, and one was submitted to Dr. Birch and another to Sir H. Rawlinson, and without consultation both said at once it contained the name of Xerxes in Egyptian and Persian characters. The only way we can explain this singular fact is that this staircase was the one going down to the level of the lower line of the building for the express purpose of taking the body of Mausolus down to the tomb. The body having been deposited in the tomb, the entrance was closed up by a stone. The stone weighed 10 tons, and was dropped into its place, like a portcullis, with bronze bolts fitted into sockets; in fact, it had all the appearance of a stone portcullis such as we see used in the Egyptian pyramids, to close up for ever the entrance into a royal tomb." Mr. Newton then proceeded to give an account of the city of Halicarnassus, which was made into a royal residence by Mausolus, King of Caria. Of the Castle of Boudrum, which the Knights of St. John built out of the tomb of Mausolus, Mr. Newton said that it was built as an outpost in the early part of the fifteenth century, the period before Rhodes was besieged by Mahomet II., and said that, although it was an act of barbarism, we owe something to these Knights of St. John; for if, with that sentiment for classic art which prevailed in Italy, they had not thought proper to pick out some of the best fragments of the frieze and the lions, and had not inserted them in the walls as ornaments, we should not probably have known anything about the Mausoleum now. It is an intact specimen of the mediæval military architecture of the fifteenth century. The very stone sockets in which the flag-staff of the knights once stood are still to be seen; the very armour they wore has been found shut up in the subterranean chambers; the very gunpowder which was used is found lying in casks in the vaults. The wall nearest the water was entirely composed of green rag stone, entirely from the basement of the Mausoleum; in which were inscribed portions of frieze and lions' heads, looking out to the sea." After I had extracted the lions' heads, I had the good fortune to find the hinder parts of the lions in the Mausoleum, which, after a divorce of 400 years, have been reunited to the heads from the castle in the British Museum. The castle is principally built of green rag, from the basement of the Mausoleum. The marble of the Mausoleum they appear to have cut up into escutcheons. Wherever a knight did anything in restoring the castle, he cut his escutcheon in front on marble. The military part of the castle is in stone of the Mausoleum, and the decoration in marble from the palace, and there are generally escutcheons, invariably beautifully carved with the name of the knight, with under it a verse from the Vulgate. Another

point of general interest is a tower at one corner of the castle, and that tower was the refectory of the knights. It has large bay windows with stones in them, and it appears that these gentlemen, I suppose to beguile the weariness of long summer days, amused themselves by cutting their names in the deep bay windows; and those names are now as fresh in that climate as if they were cut yesterday. There are the names of more than a hundred knights. You will find there some things of interest. Among others there is the name of 'Thomas Sheffield Capitani, 1518.' There are two classes of escutcheons, some well carved and some merely scribbled. A great number of the names are Spanish. I have not had time to look into the subject, but following these indications one might get some curious bits of family history. Guichard, in his 'Funerailles des Anciens,' gives a story about the destruction of the Mausoleum, which he says he had from Delechamp, who had it from Latour, who was present at the destruction of the tomb. It appears these knights, in going from the castle to look for stone, found, *dans une champs près du port*, a "perron" or building with marble steps. That building I have no doubt was part of the basement. On removing the steps they came to a vast number of building materials. They came into a chamber, and through a narrow passage into another, in which was a marble sarcophagus, which contained, as Guichard states, the body of Mausolus, with his helmet and crested. That story has been doubted from time to time. I have now no doubt of it. There are certain little details which make me feel it is true. He stated the tomb was covered with sculptures, and the knights were about to examine them when the trumpet sounded the retreat, and they were obliged to return home. Next morning they found that the tomb had been broken open, and scattered on the floor was a great quantity of *paillettes d'or*—small pieces of gold tinsel. It is perfectly well known that on ancient tombs pieces of gold tinsel were sewn on the garments, as was found in the tomb of a king discovered at Kertch. The royal tombs were distinguished by little pieces of gold, which are found in heaps, the garments having decayed. It was about this time the knights took the friezes and put them into the castle. It is possible that some knight with a taste for antiquities carried off a piece of the frieze, and put it in the Negroni Palace at Genoa, where it has been identified as a portion of the frieze of Mausolus. Now, I wish to impress this upon you, that, as I have *fac similes* of the names of the knights and the dates when they were there, and as they returned to Europe when they left Boudrum, going to France, Spain, or Italy, it is possible, by following the clue of the armorial bearings, we may still find fragments of the Mausoleum in the palaces of Italy and other countries, as fragments of the Parthenon were found at Copenhagen."—On the fifth day of the meeting Mr. R. Ferguson, the Mayor of Carlisle, referred to the etymology of Garibaldi and Bonaparte. He said a paragraph had gone the round of the papers claiming Garibaldi as a Scotchman. It was stated that a Scotchman whose Christian name was Baldy and his family name Garry, had gone to Italy many years ago. It was assumed that the Italians would not be able to pronounce the name of Baldy Garry, and would make it into Garibaldi. Lastly, it was assumed that the celebrated leader of the Italians must be his son. A much better case could be made out to show that Garibaldi was an Austrian. At any rate, the name was certainly of German, and more particularly of Southern German origin. It was unquestionably the ancient German name Garibald, the ending only being Italian. Among many other Germans with that name there was a Bavarian duke called Garibald in the sixth century. The etymon was appropriate, *gar*, a spear, and *bald*, bold. The same name had been bequeathed both to ourselves and to the French—in the one case by the Saxons, and in the other by the Franks. The Saxon form of *gar* being *gor*, and the Saxon form of *bald* being *bold*, there was reasonable probability that our name Garibold is the same as Garibald. Further, as there is a constant interchange of *g* and *k*, and as the ancient name Garibald or Geribald is also found as Keribald, he thought it probable that Corbould the painter had the same name as Garibaldi, the patriotic chief. In France he had found the name variously, as Garibal and as Gerbault. Another Italian form was Geribaldi. There was an Italian confectioner of that name in London. He supposed it would not be thought worth while to claim him. With respect to the name of Bonaparte, it was more of a speculation, and he advanced it as such. Yet he thought a case could be made out to show that it might be a name of German origin, and with a singularly expressive meaning. He presumed that Buonaparte, like most other Corsican names, was of Italian origin, and that it had an apparent meaning in that language. But he had found another Italian name Boniperti. Now he did not think it likely that this name was a corruption of the former, because the general tendency is to make meaning of anything. And he thought it most probable that Boniperti, which to an Italian had no meaning, was corrupted into Buonaparte, which at least had an appearance of meaning. Now the name Boniperti might reasonably be presumed to be the ancient German name Bonipert or Bonibert (found in both forms), and which by the German philologists had been referred to Ang-Sax. *bona*, slayer, and *bert* or *pert*, bright, famous, the Latin *clarus*. Thus then the etymon, "an illustrious slayer," would be one of remarkable appropriateness.—Among other papers read at this most interesting meeting was one by Mr. Cory on the Churches of Cumberland; another by Mr. McKie on ancient remains discovered at Carlisle; and a third on Holme Cultram Abbey, by the Rev. J. Simpson.

At the meeting of the Kent Archaeological Society at Rochester, on Wednesday, the 3rd inst., there was exhibited a larger number of purely local antiquities than is usually brought together on such occasions. Those illustrative of the Roman and Saxon epochs were particularly remarkable. Some forty or fifty examples of various types of the Roman fictile vessels, found upon the site of the ancient potteries on the banks of the Medway, were exhibited by the Rev. T. Woodruff. The chief objects found in the Roman villa at Hartlip were arranged by Mr. Pretty, and collections of Roman remains from Ightham, Plaxtol, and the neighbourhood, were contributed by Major Laard and Mr. Biggs. A selection from the contents of an extensive Roman cemetery at Strood was exhibited by Mr. Humphrey Wickham, who also brought to the temporary museum some Saxon remains very lately dug up in cutting the railway from Strood to Cuxton, and others found on the Temple property close to the Roman cemetery. In one grave was a Frankish angon, the only one, it is believed, ever discovered in this country. Least conspicuous, but perhaps most remarkable in the collection, were the leaden seals of Constantine the Great, recently discovered at Richborough, and exhibited by Mr. Rolfe. They bear the effigies, name, and titles of Constantine, as upon the coins, but the reverse is plain and convex. An orifice shows where the cord passed through to attach the seal to a letter or some other imperial document. A statuette of Pallas, from Plaxtol, may be mentioned for its artistic elegance. The Saxon antiquities recently discovered at Faversham, and exhibited by Mr. Gibbs, are second only to those of the Faussett collection. The gold and silver gilt fibulae, set with stones and filigree work, would do credit to the best artificers of the present day; and the superb brooch from Sarre, placed by Lord Amherst in juxtaposition, as was remarked by the lecturer, might be coveted by a queen in the midst of her regalia. The bronze ornamented horse furniture is new to the archaeologist, as are the bone pieces for a game which most likely resembled that of chess. They are sixty-two in number, and were found in a grave with dice. These chessmen, if such they be, are formed out of the teeth

of horses. There were other exhibitions of Saxon remains, which, if not so numerous in ornaments and weapons as that of Mr. Gibbs, were of interest; such were the earthen vessels from Harriestham, and the silver enamelled hair-pin and ornaments from Chatham. The antiquities were exhibited in the Deanery, where on Wednesday evening a large company assembled. Mr. Roach Smith for upwards of two hours gave an extempore explanation of the Roman and Saxon antiquities with reference to the aims and objects of true archaeology. The papers were all of local interest, and were read by the Rev. E. Trollope, the Rev. T. Hugo, Major Luard, Mr. Corner, and the Rev. L. B. Larking.

The annual general meeting of the Sussex Archaeological Society was held at Bosham and Chichester on Thursday, the 4th inst. After visiting Bosham church, where a paper was read by the vicar, the Rev. H. Mitchell, on the relics of the church, the Roman villa, the archaeologists returned to Chichester and visited the cathedral, inspecting the close, cloisters, vicar's hall, bishop's chapel, palace, market-cross, and other antiquities of the place; after which they dined in a marquee erected in the beautiful grounds of the Bishop's palace. The Dean of Chichester presided, and the Bishop of Oxford made an eloquent and humorous speech upon the occasion.

LITERARY NEWS.

A REPRODUCTION of the "Biblia Pauperum," from the copy in the British Museum Library, is announced by Mr. J. Russell Smith. It will consist of forty engravings, printed in one volume, uniform with Mr. L. Leigh Sotheby's "Principia Typographica."

The ceremony of laying the first stone of the British and Foreign Society's new training schools at Stockwell, for 100 schoolmistresses, was performed on Friday, the 5th inst., by Lord Granville, in the absence of Lord John Russell, and in the presence of a respectable and numerous audience.

A new weekly journal is announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Kelly and Co., under the title of the *Steam Shipping Chronicle*, to be devoted exclusively to the interests of the mercantile steam marine. Mr. P. L. Simmons, so well known as an extensive contributor of articles to the London press on maritime and commercial subjects, assumes the editorship.

We (*Salisbury Journal*) regret to state that the eldest son of T. Hughes, Esq., of the Firs, Wimbledon, was drowned on Saturday last, at Sunbury, whilst bathing. Mr. Hughes is well known as the popular author of "Tom Brown's School Days," and "The Scouring of the White Horse." This is the second child which he has lost under unfortunate circumstances within a short period.

At the meeting of the council of the College of Preceptors on the 6th inst., the Rev. Benjamin Hall Kennedy, D.D., Head Master of Shrewsbury Grammar School, was unanimously elected president of the council for the ensuing year. The Rev. J. R. Major, D.D., head master of King's College School, London; the Rev. J. S. Howson, M.A., head master of the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool; and the Rev. W. Taylor Jones, M.A., head master of the Collegiate School, Sydenham, were elected vice-presidents of the council. The following gentlemen were elected members of the college: The Rev. Samuel Clark, M.A., principal of the Training College, Battersea; W. Knighton, Esq., LL.D., Ewel College, Surrey; Leoncé Stievenard, Esq., lecturer on the French language and literature, King's College, London; Mr. C. V. Dolbe, St. Ann's School, Streatham; and Mr. Philip Marks, Ambleside School, Stourbridge.

The adjudicators of the prizes offered by the Society of Friends to the authors of the best two essays upon the Causes of the Decline in the Society of Friends have delivered their award. They state that "it has, after careful consideration, been determined that an essay, bearing a motto from the epistle of the York Quarterly Meeting of the year 1855, should receive the first prize, and one bearing the motto 'Verbum, vita, lux' the second prize. A degree of hesitation having been expressed by the adjudicators as to the relative place which ought to be assigned to the two successful essays, the donor of the prizes has generously offered to make the second prize equal to the first. The writers of these essays evidently belong to different schools, and contemplate the subject from entirely different points of view. No one of the adjudicators wishes to be held responsible for the sentiments of either writer. But they are unanimous in hoping that, in choosing both, they are doing their best to promote the objects of the giver of the prizes, and to fulfil their trust." The author of the first essay is Mr. J. L. Rowntree, of York; of the second, Mr. Thomas Hancock, of Nottingham.

A Scotch paper announces the proximate decease of an Edinburgh daily newspaper, the *Daily Express*.

On Monday, the 8th inst. the Chambers Institute, the gift of Mr. William Chambers (of *Chambers's Journal*) to his native town of Peebles, was inaugurated in the presence of a numerous and influential company. After a discourse, Dr. Guthrie delivered an address, eulogistic of the institution and of the benevolence which founded it. At the close of his speech he said: "This hall—these rooms—these museums—that noble library—are, as you are all aware, the munificent gift of Mr. William Chambers to his native town—a munificent gift he has in his generosity and philanthropy, at the cost, I may say, of a fortune, bestowed upon this town and neighbourhood. I hold it to be a Bible rule—and it would be a wretched prudery instead of prudence were it to be otherwise—to give honour to whom honour is due; and I have no hesitation in saying for myself, and I believe I have the sympathy of this audience, and the thousands and tens of thousands beyond this hall, when I say I honour the man that can make such a noble use of the means and the blessings which Divine Providence has bestowed upon him. I would to God there were more such men in our country! Men may estimate the money that this noble edifice has cost Mr. Chambers, but no man can estimate the good that it may do with its library, and the means of knowledge—divine and human, sacred and secular—in this age; and if that man is worthy of honour who even opens a public fountain in a city, with its sparkling, bright, and healthful waters to refresh the thirsty and wean the young from the temptations of the tavern, how much more honour is that man worthy of who opens a fountain of pure and heavenly knowledge to the present generation and the generation to come! In this money-seeking age, I will keep my plaudits for the man, not who makes money, but who makes right and noble use of it. It is far easier to get money and keep it stagnant as putrid water than to send it to irrigate and bless the earth. The gentleman who has founded this institution—who has done more than that, who has founded a pure, cheap, and useful literature in our country, for which he deserves public gratitude—has in that act of his taught us, and I hope we will all learn from it, to do good in our lifetime—taught us to be our own executors, to leave some useful footsteps or marks of our own feet upon the sands of time, to live not to make money, but use it well; taught us to live for the good of our fellow-creatures—to use money not so much to buy lands, which will pass into other families, nor for fortunes for spendthrifts to scatter, but to use it for schemes of public benevolence, and hand down an honoured name to future generations, and embalm one's name with the good which, by the Divine blessing on our money, we are the means of doing."

Speaking of the gift of the City of Paris to Lamartine, a contemporary says: "Poor Lamartine seems to have far more difficulty in proving himself a pauper than a poet. The Conseil d'Etat is throwing many obstacles in the way of the generous intention of the City of Paris, and it seems doubtful whether, after all, the author of 'Jocelyn' will be enabled to shelter his head in the Petite Muette. It seems scarcely possible, however, considering how difficult that head must be to shelter, as three princely roof-trees cannot accomplish it, that the Conseil d'Etat should allow any such sordid motives as the value of the ground on the Bois de Boulogne, which has been quoted as the reason for refusing to interfere with the spontaneous feeling of the municipality. Calculators and combiners and putters of that and that together, who abound in vast numbers here, have discovered, however, that there is antagonism at the bottom of all this, and that the man who will not receive succour from the Emperor shall not receive it from any other quarter. The City of Paris and the Conseil d'Etat are always at daggers drawn—it is their natural state; and so Lamartine must wander away again with stick and wallet to one of his own beggar's huts or shanties, the château de Saint Point for instance, where he may bide for the storm until the City of Paris consents to buy Milly or Monceau, the other beggar's bogies which he owns, back from his creditors."

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